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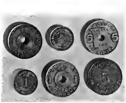
Maclean's Editorials



Visible Tax Money

THE above photograph shows Oklahoma and Missouri tax tokens.

When a resident of either state makes a purchase, he uses tokens he has bought or received as change to pay the consumer's tax, the sales tax or the emergency school tax

He knows exactly the amount of the special taxes he is paying on every article he buys.

By actually putting his hand in his pocket he has a daily practical demonstration of the cost of government

It is a personal matter

In Canada the sales tax is concealed The consumer pays it just the same, but the pain of parting with his money is dulled

Tokens might be a good thing here

They might succeed in driving home the fact that Canada's total taxation revenue of $449,000,000 last year meant an increase in the cost of living for everybody

Placing a handful of coins on the counter, a wage-earner or housewife might say, for instance

"This is my contribution to the upkeep of the Hudson Bay Railway It will lose $370,000 this year Last year its terminal port handled two cargoes One came in and one went out "

A different lesson could be recited every hour of the day

Profits

A LOT of young men and women call on us at this time of year

Freshly graduated from university, they are looking for jobs

We cannot create jobs for them We wish we could But at least we can exchange ideas with them, and we do

A great many of them leave university with somewhat socialistic views Failure to find the sort of employment for which they feel they are equipped (and often they are not as well equipped as they think) deepens their conviction that there is something fundamentally haywire with the whole business and industrial setup

They tell us that the "profit system" is all wrong

We tell them that if this company, and a lot of other companies, could make more profits we would be able to provide more jobs for newly graduated university students

A business can only expand when it is making a profit

Winston Churchill once said "It is a Socialist's idea that making profits is a vice I consider the real vice is making losses "

That wasn't just a glib phrase It was sound reasoning

Abuse of profits is the vice, not profits

Losses *are* a vice They are the cause of unemployment and lack of opportunity

Nor can the State perform miracles denied to private enterprise

It can provide jobs out of losses and deficits for only so long For it hasn't any money of its own The money it uses comes from the people A large part of it is raised by the indirect taxes on the consumer

Sword-rattling has deadened the sound of it, but the fact is that all the totalitarian states in the world today are perilously close to economic chasms They have no more credit

In Canada the only way to solve the unemployment problem is for governments to encourage private industry to make a legitimate profit so that expansion may follow

The first encouragement must be lower taxes Lower taxes can be achieved by governments sticking to governing and not attempting to run various types of businesses at a loss

Fake Cancer Cures

IN THE public mind the motion picture industry is so associated with entertainment that its contributions to education are often overlooked

The Metro Goldwyn Mayer corporation is to be commended for the production of a series of short pictures designed to protect the public from exploitation by quacks

One of these, to be shown in Canada shortly, is entitled "Miracle Money " It exposes fake "cancer cures "

It is worth seeing

Founded on fact, it reveals more vividly than could any pen the methods of unscrupulous charlatans who, with a stage setting of elaborate so called electrical apparatus, traffic in human suffering with callous disregard for the tragedies which inevitably ensue

If you know anyone who fears he or she has cancer, do your utmost to persuade them to consult a reputable physician and to avoid at all costs any so-called specialist employing pseudo scientific apparatus.

They will save money

They may save their lives

If it weren't for this book...

AWARDED an honored place in millions of homes all over Canada and the United States is a little book

It is a premium receipt book in which an agent personally records small weekly premiums—frequently only five or ten cents—paid by persons of modest means for life insurance

These people buy life insurance just as they do other necessities—in small amounts. If weekly premium insurance were not available, millions of them could afford no life insurance at all

"Industrial insurance," as this type is called, is somewhat more expensive than other types of life insurance because it costs any insurance company more to handle For example company agents make regular calls at the homes of policyholders for the collection of premiums Under an industrial life insurance policy on which premiums are collected for twenty years, an agent may make over a thousand such calls

And the death rate of industrial policyholders is 40% greater than the death rate of those having standard ordinary policies—a fact which necessarily makes industrial insurance cost more

Throughout the years consistent progress has been made in liberalizing the terms of industrial insurance policies and providing more benefits for less cost. For instance, more than ten years ago Metropolitan introduced its Monthly Premium Industrial policy to reduce the cost for policyholders able to pay on a monthly basis

Apropos of these efforts the Insurance Examiners of the State of New York after recently completing an examination of the Industrial Department of the Metropolitan, made this comment

"As at present operated it (Industrial insurance) grants insurance at a cost low enough to compare favorably with the cost under Ordinary insurance and is broad enough in scope to embrace a very considerable portion of the total population."

In 1937 Metropolitan paid $234 266 144 to Industrial policyholders and their families In their hour of need, these people of modest means found the little premium receipt book a friend indeed!

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This latest major achievement dramatically demonstrates to you and to motorists everywhere that every engine yields better performance when equipped with Champion Spark Plugs.

The Indianapolis 500 Mile Race is one of the toughest tests of men, engines and equipment known to the motoring world. When one spark plug consistently year after year for 15 consecutive years is used by every winner and in the vast majority of all cars to finish, it must have outstanding performance and dependability.

Nothing short of Champion's unequaled research, engineering and manufacturing facilities could possibly produce spark plugs with the better performance and dependability for which Champions' reputation is world wide. In twenty seven years every facility and every resource of the company has been devoted exclusively to this one product and the one end—better performance with Champions.

Floyd Roberts, the winner of the 1938 Indianapolis 500 Mile Race added a stirring chapter to Champion's history of racing achievements. His average of 117.2 m.p.h. is a new record. The first 10 cars to finish, in which not one spark plug was changed throughout the race, were all Champion equipped.

WHAT THE WINNER SAYS—

"Thanks to the perfect performance of Champion Spark Plugs in my Burd Piston Ring Special, I won first place in the 500-mile Indianapolis race at a speed of 117.2 miles per hour. You certainly can depend on Champions."

FLOYD ROBERTS

CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL

Dusk was falling, but I was certain I had seen more than a shadow

Maclean's
AUGUST 1, 1938

The WRECK of the Zephyr

The fantastic story of a man who built a ghost railroad to nowhere

By JULIUS LONG

WALTON'S ISLAND loomed bleakly soon after the take-off. Fringed with foaming breakers, it was one of those amputated fingers of land that lie inhospitably off the Maine coast. Walton, up front in the open two-seater airplane, nodded his helmeted head at its cliffs.

"It's accessible only from the air," he had told me at the landing field. "Until I bought it a year ago, no one had ever managed to set foot on it. There's no place to land a boat, and the cliffs can't be climbed."

"You ought to have privacy," I had commented.

Walton had smiled strangely.

His smile had contained some hidden meaning, I was sure. As the plane followed its lengthening shadow over the water, I wondered what he was up to on this mysterious island of his.

When a multimillionaire buys an island, newspapers are bound to make something of it. But so far they had been able to make very little of Walton's Island. To date his activities there had been shrouded in mystery.

There had been plenty of rumors, of course. It was known that Walton had bought a tremendous amount of machinery, and it was generally thought that he intended to mine or quarry the island. I, for one, wasn't so sure.

I knew Walton too well to think that anything could drag him away from his hobbies. During the last few years he had devoted his time to nothing else. He had gone in for everything from stamp collecting to jewel collecting, and finally, at an age when most men want both feet on the ground, he had taken up flying. Though he had been flying only a year, he piloted the plane like a veteran. I felt perfectly safe in his hands as he settled down toward the island which had aroused so much curiosity.

Its top was an irregular oval about six miles long and two or three wide. A heavy growth of scrub and brush served as a protective wall about its edge. That was why I failed to see the railroad track until we were almost over it.

It ran around the island, forming a loop. There was a siding on the landward side and a whole yard to seaward. Also there was a roundhouse and, not far distant, a shedded passenger depot.

Shades of Casey Jones! What was a railroad, roundhouse and all, doing on an island six miles long and less than three wide? If Walton were really mining it, he would need some kind of railroad, but nothing so elaborate as this. Puzzled, I pondered over the cryptic invitation that had brought me here.

"It would pay you to visit my island!" Walton had written. "I have something that would be of special interest to you."

Now, my special interest is railroading—model railroading, that is. The basement of my home contains a miniature system that is my pride and joy. The time was when I would have been considered a case of arrested mental development, but now that model-railroad fans number in the thousands, even my wife looks with an indulgent eye upon the nuisance in the basement.

Walton, however, had always looked askance at my hobby — it was one he had passed up.

"Even the best of your models are imperfect," he had argued. "Their scale is too small; you lose too much detail."

So I hadn't expected to find anything on his island that would interest a model-railroad fan. But now, as I peered downward, my eyes were opened wide.

For the railroad on the island had suddenly become alive. A yard engine dropped a gondola onto a siding, and a Hudson type freight locomotive began to drag out of the yards with at least eighteen cars and a caboose.

THERE was a strangeness about those engines, something that I couldn't put my finger on. Intently watching the freight locomotive pull into the first curve, I tried to discover what was wrong. Then an abrupt bank of the plane swept the freight from my gaze and brought into full vision the shedded passenger depot. I held my breath.

A silvery streak roared from the sheds. Accelerating rapidly, it raced over the rails, moving in the direction opposite that taken by the freight. Even from the air, its polished snout was unmistakable—I knew my eyes didn't deceive me. Here, on top of this island of mystery, was an exact replica of the famous streamlined passenger train known as the Burlington Zephyr!

Throwing all my weight forward in a desperate lunge I sent the figure toppling backward.

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. W. McCREA

Walton looked back, grinned with boyish delight. Apparently satisfied with the look that must have been on my face, he banked the plane again and brought the freight locomotive back into view. It was then that I saw what was wrong.

No smoke rose from the locomotive's stack, nor had no steam escaped from its outlets. An eerie feeling of nightmare unreality left me numb as I watched. It was a dead engine down there—a dead engine pulling eighteen cars and a caboose!

For a long, incredible second I had a feeling that it was no real island beneath, only an artificial papier-mâché island. For the railroad track that encircled it was not a real one. It was a miniature track, and the trains upon it were miniature trains!

I had spotted the third rail at the edge of the ties, discovered the third rail collectors on the locomotive and the Zephyr. At the same time I understood why no fuel oil exhaust came from the Zephyr's Diesel. The Zephyr had no Diesel, as the locomotive had no steam. These were electric trains, scale models!

Scale models?

Yes, full scale—*full-scale miniature trains!*

A contradiction? Not at all! Though Walton's railroad was full scale, life-sized, it was intrinsically a miniature railroad. Instead of patterning miniature trains after real ones, he had modelled real trains after miniature ones!

Dazedly I watched the freight and the Zephyr round the opposite ends of the island. Though the freight had had a head start of many minutes, both trains reached the landward side at the same time. Entering the straight section of the right of way, they raced down the single track to what seemed an inevitable crash.

But suddenly the locomotive swerved into a siding which in my excitement I had not noticed, slowed as it dragged its cars after it. The Zephyr did not lose speed as it streaked down the glistening rails, and it had cleared half the distance between the two trains when its polished snout seemed to burrow into the ground. A second later it emerged. Alert now, I knew the answer. Walton had built a tunnel for his railroad!

I held my breath as the tail end of the freight moved leisurely off the right of way. Its caboose had barely cleared when the *Zephyr*, racing at a speed of at least one hundred miles an hour, grazed by. Grinning, Walton cast a glance over his shoulder, then brought the plane around.

There was an eerie quiet as, motor idling, we settled down toward the landing field. I couldn't shake off a feeling of unreality, couldn't ignore the presence of a vague, enveloping fear. What it was I feared I didn't know, but that fear remained with me even after Walton had landed the plane and taxied to its hangar.

Nor did it leave me when my feet were firmly planted on the ground. It seemed that I stood in some faraway make-believe world. Numbly I watched the full-scale model Zephyr return to its shed and halt. On the other side of the island, the freight was slowly backing from its siding. Turning to Walton, I asked:

"These trains of yours—are they operated by crews?"

Walton's eyes gleamed with pride.

"There are no crews aboard my trains. The entire system is controlled by an automatic switchboard. We are the only human beings on the island."

I simply stared. I had already realized that Walton's sole purpose in buying this island was to erect the incredible railroad that ran around it. But I was stunned by the fact that he lived here alone, playing with his gigantic toy. I said:

"The newspapers—how have you managed to keep this a secret?"

Walton shrugged.

"I suppose the truth is so fantastic that it has never occurred to them. I had no trouble convincing the reporters that I was engaged in some wildcat mining enterprise. As the parts for my models were made in a dozen different factories, even the manufacturers didn't know what they were for."

"But the laborers and mechanics who put them together and laid the track?"

"All were imported from Europe, and packed off again as soon as the job was done. To them, I was just another screwball."

I took a deep breath, shook my head.

"It's plain," Walton observed, "that you think I'm a little mad. But like yourself I'm merely a model railroad fan. It's my latest hobby. In the past my only objection to it was the smallness of the models. I've overcome that objection. My models are full scale. I've simply carried the idea to its logical conclusion."

I felt that he had done more than that—he had reduced it to absurdity.

Not that I'm intolerant of hobbies. I'm in no position to throw stones. As a matter of fact, I had more than once defended Walton's hobbies from the criticisms of his son Roger.

"Your dad's rich enough to afford them," I had argued. "If they give him any amusement, why try to deprive him of them?"

Roger, a perfectly proper young man who felt deeply the responsibility of his father's wealth, had writhed in exasperation.

"But it's all so ridiculous! Dad's getting himself talked about. You know he has no business flying an airplane. Why, he might be killed! I tell you, he's in his dotage."

I had walked away. I had never liked Roger, and I thought too much of his father to black his eye. And I knew it would be a waste of time to try to make such a smug, unimaginative youth understand the real value and purpose of his father's hobbies.

To me the explanation was simple. Walton had tired of accumulating wealth long before the death of his wife, and her passing had left him without any interest in life. His newly embraced hobbies had filled the void, given him something to do.

As for his being in his dotage, a love of hobbies cast no reflection on his mental capacity. "Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wisest men of all ages, not excepting Solomon himself—have they not had their hobbyhorses?"

But this!

I couldn't help looking with suspicion at Walton as he pulled off his helmet and flung it into the cockpit. His white, bushy hair, exploded outward, contrasted strangely with the ruddy healthiness of his childlike countenance. His eyes glistened with enthusiasm. Here was a small boy eager to show off his new toy.

"Give me a hand," he said, moving to one of the plane's wings. "We'll push this crate into its shed."

"All right," I told him. "But you'd better have your crankcase gaskets checked. Your ship's leaking oil."

Walton vigorously shook his head.

"She's tighter than a drum. She can't leak."

"But she does," I insisted, and pointed to a little puddle of oil on the flying field.

Walton's brow furrowed as he regarded the puddle, then he shrugged.

"It must have leaked out of my car. I parked it here yesterday."

"Car?" I demanded. "A car on this island?"

Walton grinned, pointed.

Within the gloomy interior of the hangar was a small open roadster. No longer surprised at anything, I helped Walton trundle the plane in beside it.

"How did you ever get an automobile onto the island?" I asked, stowing my bag in the luggage compartment.

"The same way I got all the other equipment here. I had a crane knocked down and flown here a few pieces at a time. Then the crane was set up on the edge of a cliff. Its long boom reached out over the water and lifted the stuff from the freighters below."

I whistled.

"This railroad of yours must have cost you a pretty penny. There are real railroads that could be bought for less."

Driving the roadster away from the hangar, Walton smilingly added:

"That's what Roger said when he visited the island last month. But, you see, a real railroad wouldn't give me what I want."

I THOUGHT I did see, as I looked across the island at the tunnel. It had the bizarre, unreal aspect of a papier-mâché tunnel, and I guessed that Walton had taken pains to get that effect. He had built a make-believe world in which he could escape from all the drab reality of his purposeless existence.

"My layout isn't complete yet," he told me. "Next month the workmen will come back and lay another track. I'm also adding another locomotive, a 4-8-2 Canadian Pacific."

I recognized the insatiable ambition of the confirmed incurable model railroader whose layout is never finished, always in the process of development. Suddenly I asked:

"What does Roger think about your new plans?"

Walton chuckled.

"He's furious, of course. The expense will be terrific. But I'm going ahead. Only death can change my plans."

I started, shot a glance at Walton's eyes. They stared straight ahead as he guided the roadster onto a narrow concrete road.

"My days are numbered," he explained calmly. With his right hand he patted his chest. "The old ticker of mine is about run down. My doctors agree on that, and they can't all be wrong. I'm just a proxy for a corpse."

I was shocked, of course. Shocked for Walton's sake and my own. I was thinking of the return flight from the island, a flight with a pilot whose heart might flutter out at any moment.

I wondered if there was any way to send for a plane from the mainland. I had seen no short wave aerial on the island.

"Is there a submarine cable to the mainland?" I asked.

"No," Walton answered, reading my mind. "But you needn't worry. I'll fly you back safely. I'm all right so long as I don't receive a sudden shock."

It was I who got a shock the next second. The clang of a warning bell froze my spine. The bell sounded directly ahead, was stationed at a railroad crossing. I heard the blast of a locomotive whistle above its clatter and, turning, saw.

The freight train had rounded the island, and it bore down toward the crossing ahead. Walton stopped his car to let it go by.

From a distance that locomotive had looked realistic enough. Now, as it rumbled down the right of way, its electric motor humming, its dummy cylinders giving no chug, its appearance was nightmarish, macabre. Awed, I watched it speed over the crossing, its cab empty, moving like some ghostly thing.

It was a ghost, a shell. Its boiler was a hollow casting and its tender contained neither fuel nor water. A garish, weird mockery of a locomotive—it lacked that warm human quality of a real live steam engine—seemed a mild Frankenstein monster running relentlessly to kill.

When the caboose had rattled by and the warning bell had ceased to ring, Walton drove calmly across the track. Wordless, I rode rigidly. That freight train had convinced me beyond a shadow of a doubt. Only a madman . . .

"You're white as a sheet," Walton said. "My son reacted much the same way, only he turned purple instead of white. Swore he'd have lunacy papers filed, but he didn't, of course. That would cause a scandal, and you know Roger."

Yes, I knew Roger, and for the first time in my life I sympathized with him. I rode silently beside Walton as he drove to the depot. Brightly painted, it looked as if it had been made of cardboard.

"The control mechanism is inside," Walton said, parking his car. "I'll show you that first."

He slipped eagerly from under the wheel, and I followed. As we approached the depot entrance, my gaze wandered to the *Zephyr*, which stood under its shed. A beautiful stainless-steel train of three articulated cars, it was amazingly like the original. It was when I turned away that my eye caught an almost imperceptible movement in the shadows.

I halted, stared. Walton regarded me impatiently.

"What is it?" he asked.

I said: "Didn't you tell me we are the only human beings on the island?"

Walton nodded.

"Of course."

"Then you are mistaken. I distinctly saw someone under the Zephyr's shed."

WALTON'S eyes widened, and he followed my gaze. There was no movement in the shadows now. Shrugging, Walton caught my arm.

"Come—it was only a lengthening shadow."

It was true that dusk was falling, but I was certain I had seen more than a shadow. I remembered the little puddle of oil back on the flying field, considered the possibility that a plane had landed someone in Walton's absence. But I said nothing of this as I followed him into the depot.

Its interior was precisely like that of any small-town depot. There were rows of uninviting benches, a wicker cage for the ticket agent and a small counter restaurant in one end. This depot, the roundhouse and hangar were the only buildings I had seen on the island. Turning to Walton, I asked:

"Where do we sleep?"

Walton waved a hand at the benches.

"Here."

"You're joking."

"No, here is where we stay." He nodded at the counter restaurant. "And there's where we eat. You'll find me an excellent chef."

I eyed him steadily.

"Walton, you are mad."

He shook his head.

"I don't think so. On the contrary, I believe I am perfectly sane. You would agree if you understood my game."

"Game?"

"Yes, game. I'm playing a little game with death. I know that my days are numbered. So I am spending them in this railroad depot, waiting for my last train. Every hour the Zephyr leaves the depot and every hour I take it, catching only snatches of sleep between runs. I know that some time it will not bring me back; it will transport me into eternity itself. I like to imagine that death is like that, just a restful journey on an endless right of way."

Here was a madman, I knew, but a madman with method in his madness. Walton, I realized, had gone farther than merely making his hobby a mechanism of escape from the unpleasantness of life. He had made it a means of escape from the shadow of death itself.

He was smiling at my stare.

"Come," he said. "I'll show you the control board."

Dumbly I followed him into the wicker ticket office. The control mechanism was set up inside. Despite all that had happened, all that Walton had said, I became absorbed in the robot which operated his trains. It was by far the most advanced thing of its kind, and it could have held my attention for hours. But Walton impatiently drew me away.

"I want you to see the roundhouse before dark," he explained. "The dynamo and storage batteries are there."

Reluctantly I followed him, casting a glance at the Zephyr as I left the depot. There was no movement under its shed. I had almost convinced myself that my eyes deceived me when we reached the roundhouse.

Again I would have lingered to drink in the beauty of the giant dynamo and the magnificent Diesel that powered it.

"My trains require a lot of current," Walton commented. "My model Zephyr is every bit as fast as the original. Its top speed is one hundred and twenty miles an hour, and it can reach it from a standing start in eight hundred yards. You saw how fast it took the curves. Its centre of gravity is so low and its weight so light that it can take them wide open. But come. I want to take you for a ride in it."

THERE was nothing to do but follow him back across the yards. It was like walking over haunted ground. The yard engine moved with ghostly silence, a gigantic zombi doing the bidding of a robot in the darkness. A succession of clatters announced that the freight train would soon be under way.

"We'll have to hurry," Walton said. "The Zephyr will leave in a few minutes."

Looking across the yards, I saw that its interior lights had flashed on. Hastening my stride, I followed Walton as he skipped over the ties. He grinned as, almost winded, I climbed aboard.

It was the thirty-foot baggage and mail compartment

Continued on page 28

Above: A Mounted Police anti-smuggling patrol at the Franklin Centre customs station P.Q.

The "alky" gangs use high-speed motor cars for transport. At right is the interior of a captured smuggler's car, showing how the rear seat is removed to provide space for the illegal load.

"Alky" Racket

Alcohol smugglers and Mounted Police wage a perpetual battle of wits on the Quebec-U. S. border

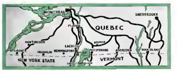
By GEORGE L. ELLIS

IN ENGLISH it is alcohol. The French call it *alcool* or in its diluted state *whiskey blanc*. But to its friends and close acquaintances, those case-hardened tosspots who revel in its fiery potency, scorning wine, cocktails, Scotch, rum, gin and beer as sissy drinks fit only for amateur topers, it is known by French and English alike as "alky."

Pure, undefiled and legitimate, it is simply grain alcohol, usually ranging from sixty overproof to seventy-five overproof, which is absolute alcohol. Adulterated and smuggled, it may be anything from a mixture of grain alcohol and tap water to a deadly blinding poison.

Tens of thousands of Canadians, mostly folks living in Quebec, Ontario and the Middle West, consume hundreds of thousands of gallons of alky in one form or another every year. They take it raw, or with water, or with water and a dash of lemon, with ginger ale or some other sweet carbonated drink. On occasion they spike a gallon of native wine with a pint of alky and so get caribou, a dynamic mixture fit to tame a Bengal tiger. Lumberjacks, miners, construction workers, ditch diggers, longshoremen, deckhands and dirt farmers drink alky. It has a certain intermittent vogue among the more earnest topers of some younger sets who will try anything once just for the thrill, but for the most part it is the strong drink of strong men. It is cheap and it is powerful, therefore it is popular.

The Dominion Government imposes a heavy excise tax on legal alcohol. Provincial governments try to limit its free sale, requiring special permits for its purchase, or boosting retail prices to levels close to those of more orthodox alcoholic beverages. A gallon of sixty overproof alky will cost around $42 in provincial liquor dispensaries, twenty ounces of sixty-five overproof around $2, and these are high prices for alky, which can be manufactured at a basic cost as low as thirty-nine cents a gallon. So broad a price spread cannot but be attractive to the alky racketeer, who comes into the picture at this point, either roaring over the border at seventy-five miles an hour behind the wheel of a specially constructed automobile, or sitting safely at a distant strategic point as a shrewd businessman backing a $50,000 illicit still.



Sketch map showing how main roads converge on Montreal from the area where alcohol smugglers are most active.

Because smuggling is a Dominion matter, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are charged with the responsibility for holding in check the importation and manufacture of illegal alcohol. The records show that the Preventive Division of the R.C.M.P. is doing a good job of work, but the traffic goes on just the same. In the fiscal year ending March 31, 1937, there were 533 seizures of illicit stills, 785 seizures of illegal alcohol, and eighty-nine alky runners' automobiles were confiscated. In the past twelve months, the haul of stills fell off considerably, but there were 141 more alky seizures than in the previous year, and the number of automobiles gathered in was only eight less. Business conditions in this outlawed industry fluctuate. When things get too hot along the border, illicit stills crop up all over the country. After the stills have been discovered, raided and destroyed, the alky crews take to the roads again.

Montreal a Focus of Traffic

THERE ARE three main areas in Canada where the illegal alcohol industry flourishes. The Montreal district, attacked from the other side of the American border by runners operating out of New York State and Vermont; the Toronto-Hamilton-Windsor area, and Winnipeg. Most of the seizures made by the Mounties are reported from one or another of these districts, and Montreal seems to have the doubtful honor of being the most important. This is a natural consequence of that city's geographical situation. Not only is Montreal easy of access from New York and Vermont, but it affords every facility by road, rail or water, for distribution to the ultimate consumer throughout Quebec, in eastern Ontario and in the northern areas of both provinces. Illicit still seizures in the Montreal district numbered thirty-eight for the fiscal year of 1937, and thirty-seven for 1938. Seizures of illegal alcohol in this district were 145 and 217 respectively, and there were thirty-six alky cars captured in the fiscal year of 1938, against fifteen for the year previous. There is considerable significance in the fact that out of eighty-one alcohol-running automobiles captured by the Preventive Service throughout the entire Dominion in the 1938 fiscal year, thirty-six, or almost half, were confiscated in the Montreal area.

Albany, capital city of the State of New York, is an important centre for the manufacture of alcohol smuggled into Canada and distributed through Montreal, but there are alky plants in other towns situated conveniently in upper and middle New York. Practically all the New York alcohol comes in over roads located between Huntingdon, Que., and Lake Champlain. The Vermont product finds its way across the border through the area around Sherbrooke.

Mounted Police working these districts do not have an easy time of it. Between Huntingdon and Bedford, Que., on the Vermont side of Lake Champlain—a distance of approximately 100 miles of border country—there are something like twenty-four roads crossing the line from the United States into Canada on which no Canadian customs stations are established. All these highways have to be continually guarded by R.C.M.P. patrols, and in addition there are a number of bush roads passable in dry weather.

Stationed in this area are seven detachments of Royal Canadian Mounted Police, each detachment consisting of two men and one car, a total of fourteen men and seven cars. On paper this might seem sufficient, but when one considers that the smugglers may use any one of the roads and at any hour of the day or night, it is obvious that the successful patrol involves a task of no small order.

A comparison of the number of men on patrol on the United States side of the line with the number available on the Canadian side serves to illustrate the point. Along a twenty-five-mile frontier the Canadian border is patrolled by two R.C.M.P. officers with one car. The same frontier on the American side is patrolled by six Customs patrol men with three cars and six Immigration patrol men with three cars. The American patrol outnumbers the Canadian by twelve men to two, and six cars to one.

Outnumbered as they are, the men of the Preventive Service fight a perpetual battle of wits with the alky gangs. Your alky runner is not often a mental giant, but he is reckless. When caught he usually turns out to be a spineless individual with a broad yellow streak, who will whine and cringe, but he has been schooled to a certain daring which in an emergency leads him to take desperate chances. His mechanical equipment is the best money can buy, and he hates the law. Most of the men engaged in this business have criminal records on one side of the line or the other. The majority of them, the records show, are American citizens of foreign extraction. A few are Canadians, or ex-Canadians living in the States. They have one important item in common. They know every inch of the roads they travel.

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I Don't Like Amazon Athletes

". . . that peculiarly bewildered and distressed look of girl athletes under strain."

"Sorry, but in girls' sport I can't go for those violent, face-straining, body-racking events some girls indulge in"

By ELMER W. FERGUSON

I AM speaking now exclusively to the girls, so you guys can turn to some other page for your literary nourishment and entertainment.

Well, girls, if you are listening (which I doubt very much indeed) I want to say that I am a much-maligned man regarding the matter of girls in sport. I know that as a result of your reading the girl sports columnists who have me continually on the pan, in the grease, out of the frying pan into the fire and vice versa, you must figure like this: "Why, this Ferguson is nothing but an old grouch. He doesn't want the girls to have any fun. He wants them to stay in the kitchen and cook for him, the glutton."

That is absolutely not true. I don't want to see the girls kept in the kitchen. Because, in the first place, men are far better cooks than women. All the better hotels have male chefs. In the second place, girls are entitled to all the fun they can get in this man's world.

Yes, girls, I know you think very hard things about me. You think, "He is just like all the men, besides which he is an old-fashioned that he doesn't know that girl athletes were in the Olympic Games, and he thinks that woman's place is in the home, and all that stuff grandfather used to believe in."

Well, girls, it's not so. I think girls definitely have a place in sport, and don't let any character snatcher tell you anything different. In fact, on the matter of the participation of girls in sport, I'm your pal, and this isn't said with a significant passing of the hand across the throat. It's strictly on the level.

I never saw anything more beautiful in sport than this: A colored ice surface at the Montreal Forum, all painted with red tulips, yellow lilies, glowing roses and such. A lone blazing shaft of light hitting on one spot, the rest of the great arena completely dark. Into the spotlight there suddenly whirls a figure of sheer glittering glory, of golden hair that blazes beneath the dazzle of the lights, of white skirt and trunks and shoes, and tight-fitting bodice, all covered with spangles that glow and glitter like diamonds, a figure that spins in rhythmic swinging grace. I always had the idea that figure skating was a sort of sissy business, but that was a long time ago, before I'd ever seen or sensed what sheer beauty, what perfection of rhythm, what grace could be encompassed in the art by Sonja Henie, by a score of other girls who glide and pirouette and swing so sweepingly and beautifully around a glistening surface, without strain, effortlessly, a symphony of grace.

Girls have a place in sport. I knew that when I saw a graceful figure standing atop a high diving board, a girl whose physical perfection was enhanced by a clinging one-piece bathing suit of the sort some old bigots with nasty minds would bar as indecent, when such garb in reality removes all possibility of suggestiveness. The girl leaned forward, arms arched, and floated off the high board, coming down to the water like a great sea bird, a thing of infinite grace, to strike smoothly without a splash and go streaking into the depths, leaving hardly a ripple behind.

Girls have a place in sport. I knew it seeing Kay Stammers and the late Susanne Lenglen gliding over tennis courts, slashing back drives. I knew it seeing Joyce Wethered or some other graceful girl golfer swing with precise rhythm and a certain power on a teed-up ball, though I've seen some ponderous females tramping the links who added nothing whatever to the scenic effects with their Clydesdale strides, dripping perspiration, stertorous breathing and blowsily flushed faces.

Why Sacrifice Feminine Charm?

THAT indeed is where I reach the dead line. Sorry, but in girls' sport I can't go for those violent, face-straining, face-dirtying, body-bouncing, sweaty, graceless, stumbling, struggling, wrenching, racking, jarring and floundering events that some girls see fit to indulge in. Sorry again, but I like grace, sweetness, rhythm, freedom from sweat and freedom from grime among the girls. Of course it's a matter of taste. Some of the boys may like to see the girl friend lumbering along from first to second in a softball game, hitting the dirt on her ear and coming up with a lot of mud or sand ground into her visage. Probably there are some who are elemental that way. They may like to see the girls at hockey, a spectacle which I consider reaches the lowest levels of competitive athletic entertainment after you've watched the grace and speed and certainty and skill with which males perform. They may like to see some nice girl body-check another and knock her down, half-stunned and breathless, though in all truth the girls in hockey skate in such rickety fashion, bobble along so uncertainly, that a good strong breeze will pretty nearly blow them off their stumbling feet, and body-checks are just so much wasted effort.

These boys, perhaps possessing some sadistic impulses which were not included in my natal make-up, may like to see their girl friends wearing that peculiarly bewildered and distressed look which girl athletes under strain always possess, that strain which so ill becomes them. They may like to see the girl friends in shorts up to their thighs, getting their legs rubbed and massaged by a professional trainer. I hope I'm not prudish on the matter of girls' legs, which at one time were considered no topic whatever for decent conversation, and were blushingly referred to as "limbs." The fact is that girls' exposed legs are no treat. The gay boys of the nineties who stood around the more exposed corners on windy days, trying to get a peek and extracting a naughty thrill at the sight of an ankle, were wasting their time. They got a kick—mentally, I mean—from a well-turned ankle because it was visually forbidden fruit.

But the truth is that the legs of most girls don't rate as high as exposure. They're prone to have queer blue marks on them, or lumpiness, or run to bulginess or something. They look more alluring covered up. But even so, darned if I understand a guy who feels no annoyance when some trainer or helper starts massaging the girl friend's legs in the better interests of promoting circulation, and right out in public too. Sorry, but I like a little delicacy, as well as sex appeal, feminine sweetness and such, among my girl friends. And I can't see that the more robust forms of athletics, such as sprinting, jumping, hurdling, heaving weights, sliding into bases, struggling weakly and gracelessly around armed with hockey sticks, or crashing each other at basketball in a sweat-reeking gymnasium, are going to enhance any feminine charms, or those charms which I always did associate with femininity.

My contention is, in brief, that no sweat feminine girl (and, I repeat, what male doesn't want girls to be

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Art and Elizabeth

Mr. Tierce called her a curly haired moron, but that was the day he had the toothache

By VELIA ERCOLE

"It's to be called 'Passion'," she said, coldly furious. "Passion!" retorted Tierce. "What do you know about passion?"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

ELIZABETH EDWARDS was eighteen years old when she took charge of her brother's household and she was at that time so small, her tumble of curls so golden, her childish chin so touchingly determined that people would say to one another, "Isn't it wonderful the way little Elizabeth has taken hold of things?" And expatiating would usually wind up with: "Of course one feels dreadfully for poor Terry. It's a tragedy. But one can't help feeling that he shouldn't allow a young girl like that to sacrifice herself."

The truth was, it never occurred to either Terry or his sister that any sacrifice was involved. Greentrees had always been their home. During the six years of Terry's marriage to his sweet Margery it had been even more of a home to Elizabeth than during the motherless years before, and now after Margery's death it was still home. Where else would Elizabeth be? And who else look after her brother's babies? During the first shattering months after his loss Terry never asked himself the question. He was so deep in pain that he was hardly aware of life about him, and when he returned to awareness it was to find his house well run and his family happy. So his heart was not really in the objection he voiced one morning. He said:

"Elizabeth, all this—I don't think I should be letting you do it."

Elizabeth was counting the laundry and frowning darkly. She answered irrelevantly:

"They simply will not send back that second collar to your blue shirt. Do you think if I wrote something about I absolutely must insist— What do you mean not let me do it? You know Annie never counts the laundry. That's why I've had all the trouble about your collar."

"No. I mean everything. Running the house and looking after us all."

Elizabeth glanced at him then, and reflected for the hundredth time that poor sweet Margery must have hated most dreadfully to leave him.

She said, "Has Aunt Connie been saying anything more?"

Terry Edwards was a simple soul and took no credit for his acumen. "Yes. In that letter this morning. Apparently I'm blighting your young life. She says that during these young years you should have the urge to create, and the life force should be thrusting you forward to meet your mate," Terry suggested. "As a matter of fact it's rather good. She says I'm throwing a sop to your instinct by letting you look after me and the children. Then one day she says you'll find yourself beached high and dry, full of complexes without having fulfilled yourself."

"I like that. I think that's good," Elizabeth said.

"Of course, the way she puts it it sounds a lot of rot," Terry said, but added seriously, "All the same there's something in it, Betts. Do you get around enough? I mean—that party of Conways last week—you had to miss it because of John's earache. You shouldn't have to do that. You should go to these affairs, meet people, men. After all you will want a man and a home of your own some day. Aunt Connie's right there."

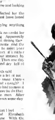
"Isn't this a home of my own?"

"Don't be silly. You know it is. It's just that I feel—"

And there the matter comfortably ended. Elizabeth remained mistress of the sprawling old house. With the help of the willing if not overbright Annie she managed to clothe and feed her family adequately on the inadequate allowance which was all Terry could give her. She spanked the children when they were naughty, kissed them when they were good, romped with them, adored them, and went for days to town when the strain was too much for even her young nerves.

Aunt Connie told Elizabeth that she was being swamped, hinted at dreary dooms, said her personality was being obscured and she should seek some opportunity to express her individuality. The lot of wards, brother and sister, were able to defy Aunt Connie at a distance, to laugh at and disdain her. But sometimes her visits were disturbing and Elizabeth, temporarily depressed, would have an evening of wondering if there might not be strange delights in the "artistic circles," the wilder, freer life to which Aunt Connie referred. But she would settle down again, and it was comforting to reflect that after all, even if the world did not know of it, she was "expressing her individuality," though until Aunt Connie gave it a name she had not thought to call her delightful avocation anything but sculpting.

The family knew of it, of course. Each of them possessed examples of her work, and though the little figurines were well loved as toys



Roger Brown is a painter who can't let any pretty women alone

were the children could hardly be expected to constitute a body of worth-while art critics, and Elizabeth, though grateful for their appreciation of her efforts, was not unduly inflated by it. Even Terry, because the things had been done by his little sister, gave them little value. "Elizabeth's the artist of the family," he would say offhandedly to a visitor who perhaps had been startled into comment by the vivid life in a tiny statue—Robin crying with a curiously moving despair caught in the miniature lineaments, or John solemn as an owl, or Jane with an unwilling puppy caught in her rounded arms.

"But they're good!" the visitor would say, bewildered, and Terry proudly would agree, but he never knew how good.

A sympathetic art mistress at her school had discovered and fostered Elizabeth's talent, but as the girl had little confidence in herself she went contentedly enough, on leaving college, to her position in Terry's household without the least hankering after training and a career which the mistress had said should be hers. She was contented enough now, joyously creating her little effigies of the children whenever a suddenly striking expression on one or other of their faces would drive her to her messy corner of the attic euphemistically called her studio. And without knowing quite how she did it any more than why she did it, she would, in the brief hours she could snatch from her domestic duties, produce a tiny statue of a child, alive and vivid in grief or anger or joy, or dreaming in the heaven of childish dreams.

And there, since she had no particular initiative or courage in the matter, it would all have ended if she had not met Franklin Tierce at a party given by her near neighbors, the Rygdens.

ELIZABETH loved parties and when it looked as if after buying a new frock and having her hair done more perfectly than it had ever been done before—she would not be able to go to this one, she was bitterly disappointed.

She was almost unkind when Jane, leading John by the hand, appeared in her bedroom and announced:

"John thinks he's got his earache coming on."

The children had been in bed for two hours. Elizabeth was bathed and perfumed, and enjoying herself thoroughly in the leisured stage of putting on filmy underwear and lacquering her nails. Everything she had thought was quite under control. And now here were the three little pyjama-clad figures.

"Well, you should not have got out of bed," she said crossly. "You should have called Annie."

"But John can't have Annie when he's got the earache."

That was true, and Elizabeth's heart sank. She wailed:

"John darling, why do you always get earache when I want to go anywhere really important?"

"I think I'm going to have it, I haven't got it yet," John corrected.

"Well, if I put in hot oil and wrap you up warmly, you'd know soon, wouldn't you, darling?"

John agreed that he would. "If I can get into your bed," he said.

"I want to get into your bed too, auntie," Robin said. So did Jane, and Elizabeth submitted to the moment.

"But you're not to play, you're not even to speak," she said when the three were propped up, bright-eyed and pleased in the wide bed. "And you're to tell me truly, John."

John, solemn and important, said that he would, and then there was no sound in the lovely old room save Elizabeth's silken rustlings and whisperings and thumpings from the bed. At times like these the girl thought despairingly it seemed that Aunt Connie was right. Perhaps it would be rather wonderful to be free of family, to live completely alone in a small studio in town, to make small lovely statues all day and have nothing to impede one in the evenings from going to parties with interesting men, the kind of men who never came to Greentrees. No children, however lovable, to scratch their knees and get holes in their socks and fight with one another, nor a brother to have bitter moods, and a hopeless maid like Annie who could never be trusted to do anything really well. Swamped was the word. All the disadvantages of being married straight from the schoolroom without any of the advantages.

"John says he knows now, auntie," Jane announced suddenly.

John was a wise and utterly truthful little boy. "I'm not going to have it," he said. "I thought I was, but I'm not."

"Oh, that's splendid, darling." Elizabeth kissed him in her relief, and with only the weakest of protests consented to their staying in her bed until she had finished dressing on their solemn promise that they would not make trouble for Annie, and would return to the nursery the instant she came to fetch them.

And if, she thought as she started off, I look as beautiful as they say I do, something rather special should happen tonight.

Perhaps Simon Gill would propose. He was so near it. Perhaps the new frock would help him to make up his mind. And though that would be something special, she hoped earnestly that it would not occur. Because she had not the slightest desire to marry Simon, nor, though she was practically twenty-two, any man she knew. And she wondered for a panic-stricken moment if Aunt Connie's dreadful predictions would come true.

And because Simon did propose and she was so upset by refusing him, she did not at first recognize the special occurrence for what it was. She was standing in the doorway which led from the garden when her hostess found her. She was pale, her eyes were misty with pity for Simon's hurt, and she was so completely lovely that her hostess seized her gratefully and said:

"Elizabeth, there's a man here whom Elsie brought, and he's done nothing but glower at everybody when he hasn't been hiding. See what you can do."

"I don't want to meet any more men," Elizabeth said, and found no reason to change her mind when she was presented to the forbiddingly handsome young man to whom her hostess led her, ignoring her protests. But she murmured politely. Being a good mannered child she would doubtless have danced politely with the young man, had he asked her. And never have known the special thing had occurred if Mrs. Rygden had not thrown over her shoulder vaguely and ungrammatically:

"Mr. Tierce is an art connoisseur, Elizabeth. He knows all about painting and sculpture. He sells them. Tell him about your sculpture."

"Yes, do," Mr. Tierce said with intense bitterness. "Tell me about your sculpture. I'd love to hear about it." And he thought, this is the last thing necessary to complete this ghastly evening. Franklin Tierce had not the slightest desire to be at the Rygdens' party. He was still not quite clear as to why he had taken an interminable journey from town with a woman he disliked to visit people he did not know. And more devastating than all else, he had a raging toothache.

A gloomy young man with a toothache Elizabeth might have handled, but someone who knew all about painting and sculpture struck her dumb. She opened her lovely mouth and closed it again.

MR. TIERCE'S tooth began a stabbing crescendo of pain, and from the black darkness of his inward suffering arose a weapon of words to smite the curly haired moron who was gaping at him.

"There's nothing I like more than discovering women sculptors," he said outrageously. "That's why I go to so many parties in the country. One so often discovers them at these places. Genius blushing unfound."

Elizabeth felt no weapon. She had never met an unkind man. She was encouraged by this, and found her voice.

"But I'm not a genius, Mr. Tierce. I just do it in between other things."

The situation was quite perfect. Perhaps if he let her go on, she might act as a counterirritant. One pain might drive out another.

"Tell me," he said, "did you feel the urge to create when you were quite a child? Or did it come later? I'm always so interested."

"Not exactly as a child." Elizabeth was unsure of herself, her sweet face was flushed with anxiety. "It was . . . well—at school. After I went to school."

The counterirritant was not working. The tooth was winning all the way. With one last masochistic lunge Mr. Tierce said:

"You must send me some of your stuff. I'd like to see it. I like young girls to send me their stuff to sell. Please don't deny me the privilege."

On the drive back to town his tooth eased a little, and he had a moment of compunction for his treatment of the curly headed schoolgirl before he comfortably forgot her with the reflection that if he had prevented one female from turning the hobby of chiselling ghastly statues into a habit he had done a good night's work. Had she called it a hobby? They usually did. Fifteen years of constant association with artists had made Franklin Tierce, as his mother repeatedly told him, suspicious, intolerant and cynical, which would not have mattered if it had taught him what to be suspicious, intolerant and cynical of.

She repeated this again on the evening, three weeks later, when he told her of his discovery of Elizabeth.

"But how on earth was I to know?" her son exclaimed. "She looked about fifteen, she gaped like a beached fish and said all the banal idiotic things I've heard so often."

"The poor little thing was probably terrified of you," Mrs. Tierce said severely.

"Well, she had no reason to be. She's good. Those kids of hers are alive. It's the kind of thing people like. I wouldn't be surprised if she had a real vogue

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Soldiers under the skin. Left to right: Ross Hamilton as Marjorie, Fred Fenwick — used to knock 'em cold; Leonard Young as the Duchess.

An [illegible] scene from an early C.E.F. comedy revue.

Troops and Troupers

"Old soldiers never die"—Nor will the memory of the C.E.F.'s theatre of the trenches

By ANGUS McSTAY

Al Plunkett rose to stardom with the Dumbells.

THERE IS the legend of the six Nova Scotians who were taken prisoner during a sortie in the Vimy Ridge sector toward the end of 1916 and whose more than surly behavior amazed their captors. Prod dings punctuated the halts for reluctant backward glances toward the towers of Mount St. Eloi and brought forth deep-throated growls from the Canadians as they plodded on again toward the enemy lines.

"Out of the War you are not pleased to be?" asked a German officer.

"Listen," snarled the spokesman, "we were trying out a new act Monday night and now you have made us miss the show."

The incident is probably exaggerated, but—besides possessing a propensity for fighting, the gentlemen who served under Currie in France were inveterate devotees of private theatricals. It was in the spring of 1916 that German aviators returned to headquarters to report strange happenings they had witnessed over that part of the enemy line held by those inexplicable Canadians.

It seems that, on their aerial forays, the fliers in the service of Kaiser Wilhelm were sighting groups of khaki-clad Canucks whose predilection was the executing of what appeared to be dance formations hitherto confined to the legitimate stage.

Upon hearing the drone of approaching enemy aircraft it was the practice of these unpredictable Canadians to break their measured tread and scurry for the nearest shell hole or adjacent dugout, only to emerge once the plane had headed homeward and calmly resume what looked like so many steps to the right, kick as many steps to the left, kick.

The German airmen had let the gymnastic Canadians have a few bursts of machine-gun fire just on general principle, but the barbarians from over the sea were too elusive and there had been no casualties. The peregrinating performers spotted by the German fliers were the original beauty choruses rehearsing for battalion concert parties.

Good for Morale

DURING the last two years of the Great War, the Canadian Corps was in show business on a large scale and had progressed from simple diversion in a dugout to elaborate productions which held such professional merit that several were presented in London's largest theatres.

Nearly every unit had its troupers and each division had its concert party, to which gravitated the cream of battalion talent. The salient point was that the morale of war weary men had to be maintained. Apart from leave, the work of the concert party members was the most efficient channel providing emotional escape for men who had faced hails of lead and the loss of cherished comrades.

It should be remembered that these Thespians of the trenches may have received a few privileges as far as fatigue duty was concerned, but they continued to go into action, and many of them were killed or gassed or badly wounded. Besides being machine-gunned in rehearsal, the troubadours put on their shows within enemy artillery range, and many a scheduled performance was postponed at the last minute because of an unexpected bombardment. On stage or up the line, the footlight favorites drew their $1.10 a day and nothing more.

The whole colorful chronicle deserves a place in Canada's unrecorded folklore, for it is one aspect of the theatre that is definitely British in tradition and one of the lighter phases of war.

Gitz Rice wrote "Dear Old Pal of Mine," and gained world wide fame. Ross Hamilton as "Marjorie" is still remembered warmly for his uncanny impersonations of stately femininity in mud-spattered khaki and hung with pounds of accoutrement. "Red" Newman became famous for his "Oh, Oh, It's a Lovely War." Back in Canada, Al Plunkett was the darling of the post War flapper era and the sale of his records soared. Delicacies of fragility behind the footlights were Fred Fenwick, Leonard Young and Alan Murray, as female impersonators who mystified the spectators but were revealed as husky masters of make-up when encountered backstage or on their way up the line.

None of these troubadours of the trenches knew that they were creating history at the time, but what they did in France has never been forgotten by their comrades, and the old time magic of the concert party days is not difficult to recapture when veterans get together.

Reunion in Toronto

IT IS to reconstruct some fragments which belong in the nostalgic memories of some thousands of Canadians that members of the various divisional concert parties will present, as a highlight of the Canadian Corps reunion at Toronto, some of those sundry sketches and still remembered characterizations which contributed so consistently in upholding what was known in official communiqué vernacular as "the spirit of the troops."

To digress for a moment, the twentieth year since the signing of the Armistice will be celebrated at Toronto by an estimated 100,000 veterans July 30 to August 1. And from many scattered points the headliners of the four divisional concert parties are heading homeward to present once again, as part of the celebrations in the reconstructed French village, the stage gambols which more than twenty years ago beguiled the soldier audiences. Temporarily shelving their civilian duties, the legendary favorites are en route from various parts of the North American continent and the British Isles. One well-remembered singer has even journeyed from faraway Tahiti.

In the earlier days of the concert parties, the efforts of the dugout dramateurs were of the simplest. It was discovered that someone could sing a song to a harmonica accompaniment and someone else could recite "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" with gestures. It was a rare occasion when one of the youthful jesters was discovered to have had pre-War professional experience in the theatre.

Not until the German drive to the Channel ports was halted did the more elaborate entertainments come into being. As the Canadian troops dug in, greater opportunity was found for the development of troupers of the trenches. Sometimes the auditorium was a barn, sometimes a hay cart was the stage for summer evening company smokers.

In course of time every Canadian battalion had its concert party of varying entertainment calibre. As the audiences became familiar with material and personnel, a policy of interchange was formulated whereby the entertainers of one battalion were the guest artists of the neighboring one.

According to the records and recollections, the first Canadian concert troupe was formed in 1915, when the First Field Ambulance presented a minstrel show at Bailleul. In all probability there may have been other battalion parties in process of assembly, but the one which drew the most widespread accolades and is designated as the first officially recognized organization to tour the trenches was that of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

Subject to Interruptions

THE story of its formation parallels that of other battalion parties which, then or later, entered the entertainment field. All faced the same difficulties, and the only facts that would not be duplicated would be the names of the separate members and the names of the towns or villages where the first performance was staged.

The Pats concert party came into being in the spring of

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Beverley Baxter's LONDON LETTER

Jew Baiting in Vienna

A. Beverley Baxter, M.P.

WHAT IS the truth about the persecution of Jews in Germany and Austria? How far are tales of atrocities figments of the imagination or inventions of propagandists?

It was partly to answer these questions that I went recently to Vienna, where the Nazis are now in supreme control and where purification of the Germanic race is proceeding according to plan.

It is difficult to describe the Nazi movement one way or another. To condemn it out of hand would be foolish and would show a lack of understanding. We who extol democracy must be willing to learn where this political and economic creed has succeeded against difficulties that would discourage the methods of democracy.

There is a tremendous and genuine idealism in the movement. It is written in the faces of the young men who have donned the uniform of the cause. One cannot look upon the clear eyes and fine physique of these boys without admitting that Hitler has accomplished miracles. Out of a defeated and disillusioned nation he has created a magnificent new generation—if we are to judge humanity by the welfare of the body and the purposefulness of the spirit.

Unfortunately, in the launching of this movement of "national regeneration"—and I do not mock the phrase—there were also let loose forces of national degradation which are now out of control. And the most vile of these is the persecution of the Jews.

In what I write here I have purposely refused to credit the stories of atrocities which cannot be proved. They may be true. I only mention, however, those which I know to be true.

Herr Rudolf Beer was a director of the Vienna Opera. He was sitting in his box one night when three Austrian Brown Shirts entered and drove him in a car to the outskirts of Vienna, where they beat him with truncheons. When the director reached home, a bleeding pulp of a human being, he took poison. His servants discovered it in time, however, and he was rushed to the hospital where the best doctors in Vienna fought for his life—and won.

At last he was discharged, a cured man, and warned about his future conduct by the authorities. That night he shot himself.

Search the literature of tragedy if you like and tell me where fiction can outdistance that story of established fact.

One of the pranks of the Austrian Brown Shirts that followed the invasion of the German army was to make Jews scrub the pavements, and the favorite victims of this sadistic exploitation were young Jewesses. But not always. A Jewish violinist was given a pail of water and told to scrub the pavement outside a Christian shop.

To add point to the jest, acid was poured into the water. The violinist performed his task—to find that the acid had burned the skin from his fingers and that he could never again—or so he thought—play his violin. He went home and took poison.

Those are two of countless stories that can be proved to the hilt. I need not torture you with any more, but I shall come to an incident that is not without a grim comedy but has a bearing on the argument.

A Brown Shirt's Duty

ON WHIT SATURDAY I drove, in company with a young British woman, out to the Vienna woods and saw thousands of boyish peasants and their girls in their attractive national costumes bicycling or hiking to their favorite resorts. Nothing could have been cleaner or more wholesome than that unself-conscious companionship of the sexes. The paradox of Europe is that, while the political shadows deepen, youth has discovered the common citizenship of the sun and the heritage of the out-of-doors.

Coming back to Vienna, we drove to the Jewish section. Here and there was a shop proudly proclaiming that it was "Aryan," some even going so far as to boast that they were "German Aryan." Most of the little shops, however, had nothing but the Jewish names of the owners, and a huge number of signs, "To Let," or "This Business For Sale."

At the doors, as if it were the ghetto, the proprietors stood in silent misery. The hand of fate was closing about their throats and there was no escape.

Coming to the fashionable shopping district, we saw two Brown Shirts picketing the famous shop of Neumann's that has done business in Vienna for a century. This was too much for my companion, who insisted on running the blockade. Stopping the car, she made for the interior of the shop, and was stopped by one of the young Brown Shirts.

"Not Aryan," he said abruptly in German.

"What do I care?" said my countrywoman. "I am going in just the same."

The Brown Shirt shrugged his shoulders, made way for us and we found ourselves in the interior of Neumann's. Ten or twelve assistants, not all Jewish, stood about like ghosts in some horrible comedy. Not one would-be purchaser was in the large shop. It was Saturday before Whitsun, when normally the assistants would be struggling to meet the demands of their customers.

A pretty little Jewess asked us what we wanted, and I decided on a tie. The rest of the assistants looked on with blank expressionless faces, as if the whole process were vaguely reminiscent to them but their brains were incapable of understanding. I had no German money and proffered a pound.

This necessitated the personal attention of the manager. He looked at the pound, sighed, scratched his head and was quite helpless. He was in that state of mind which we have all known at some stage in our lives, when the most trivial problem is simply too much to bear. The little Jewess relieved him by taking back the pound and giving us the change. As we left the shop the ghosts all came to life. "Good day, sir, good day, madam," they chanted in English. Then they were silent and stood again in awful motionless misery.

Outside, my companion, who is really a gentle soul, walked up to the Brown Shirts.

"Do either of you speak English?" she asked.

"Yes," said one, a young man of the student type wearing glasses. "I speak English."

"Then aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she demanded. "Bullying helpless people who have done you no harm?"

"No, I am not ashamed," he said. "I am obeying orders and doing my duty."

"You are a coward," said my companion, "or you wouldn't obey such orders."

The crowd from the pavement gathered around us. I felt exquisitely uncomfortable and tried to pull her arm, but some Scottish ancestor from the fierce and distant past had taken command of her spirit.

"I don't like doing this," said the Nazi with the utmost courtesy, "but it is necessary. You will be doing exactly the same thing fifteen years from now in England."

"No, we won't," cried my friend. "In Britain we raise men, not contemptible bullies, I tell you."

At last I got hold of her arm and pulled her to the car.

I did not applaud the lady's behavior. We were guests in the country and the Brown Shirts were carrying out their orders. The fact that she is my wife does not alter my official opinion of her conduct. At the same time . . .

Decency vs. Political Policy

THAT afternoon I decided to find out what the official attitude was toward the Jewish persecution. The man to see was not the famous Dr. Seyss-Inquart, who died politically in giving birth to the *Anschluss*. He was

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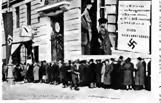


Jews besieging Polish legation in Vienna for visas which will enable them to escape into Poland. Inset: "Juden nicht erwünscht"—Jews not wanted. Poster on Jewish shop in Vienna taken over by the German National Socialist Workers Party.

Just Like a Son

Mrs. Pitts' son, Cyclone, rated top billing as a gorilla; to Myrtle he was just the world's prize sap

By B. B. FOWLER

I'M WRITING all this on account of Myrtle says it's time I gave my side of the story. She says it's time I put myself on record and straightened out the stories the newspapers have been running about me.

To begin with, I want everybody to know that there ain't any truth in the story that I beat up my manager, Hammerhead Hogan. The whole story about that was just a pack of lies. The only one hit him was Myrtle. And she just gave him a little slap. Where he got hurt was when he fell over the two front rows of seats and hit his head on a chair and knocked himself out. I oughta know. I was up in the ring and saw it all. Why, Hammerhead Hogan always said I was just like a son. I've heard him say that to the same guys that have been writing all these lies about me.

Also it was Myrtle that decided I had to grow whiskers and change my name from Cyclone Pitts to Paul Bunyan. Hammerhead never would have thought out anything like that. I didn't like it at first because they used to itch something fierce—the whiskers, I mean. But Myrtle decided the whiskers would give me color, like the yell I hafta give when I throw a guy for the deciding fall.

None of it would have happened maybe if Hammerhead hadn't been all the time trying to keep me from talking to the newspaper guys myself. Hammerhead had funny ideas about me and newspaper guys. Like now, this press-row business. When I met the first couple guys, after Hammerhead found me out West and started me wrastling for money, I didn't know much about the rules. I'm the best-natured guy in the world, but those guys got me sore and I gave them each a little push when they started kicking me in the slats. Both of them went out through the ropes and wrecked a couple of newspaper guys.

Hammerhead told me then that these newspaper guys are hard to get and that they have to stand a lot of wear and tear in the run of their business and that if I started throwing guys through the ropes and busting up the press row, I'm apt to cause some kind of a shortage in the business. Well, that sounded sensible to me. Most of these newspaper guys look kinda peaked, as if it wouldn't take much more to finish them off. So I agreed to stop pushing guys through the ropes on them.

What's more, Hammerhead is the biggest hearted guy I ever see. Why, many's the night before I went into the ring Hammerhead would come to me with tears in his eyes and tell me about the poor guy I was wrestling who maybe had his old mother coming all the way from Vancouver to see him wrastle, and how it would break her heart to see him licked, so would I let the guy win the match? Or maybe it would be that the guy is in wrong with the promoter who runs the show and is likely to lose his job altogether if he loses again, and then maybe his old grandmother in King City will starve to death on account of the guy not being able to send her any more money.

All this talk about me being paid to lay down is the baloney. I wouldn't do that. Hammerhead asked me to do it when I first started wrastling for him. But me, I don't believe in fooling the public. So he didn't ask me again, except in cases like I told you where some poor guy is in terrible trouble and had to win the match. And you'd be surprised at how many guys are in trouble in this business. There ain't hardly a week that some guy didn't have his old father or mother or somebody at the ringside to see him win. It was lucky for them that I'm a soft-hearted guy and understand how they feel.

Also the newspaper guys are all wet about me being a hero. The two guys I put in the hospital might have been very tough lugs with a reward on one of them. But I didn't know that. I don't suppose I oughta kick about that because Myrtle says we got a million dollars worth of publicity out of it and are still cashing in.

Myrtle just looks over my shoulder and tells me to cut out the personal stuff and get down to brass tacks on the story. What Myrtle says goes with me. So I guess I'd better begin.

Myrtle hit him a slap with one hand and he bounced into the lap of a large party in the aisle seat.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

IT ALL started when Hammerhead chased me outa our hotel room on account of there's a newspaper guy coming to get a story about me. As I goes out I hears Hammerhead say to the guy: "That's all baloney. Cyclone ain't no throwback. It's just that he loves wrastling and gets excited sometimes."

I know then that the newspaper guy is referring to the night before when I wrastled Tarzan O'Hara. Tarzan used too many hammerlocks. After awhile he hurt me and I got sore. But I didn't lose my temper and slam him through the ropes like I coulda done. No sir. I just gave him a little push. It was hitting the ring post that busted his ribs.

I could hear Hammerhead saying: "Why, I love that big lunk like a son. Just like a son."

That was Hammerhead all over. He didn't look it, him having a pan that looked like somebody slapped him with a spade one time. But he had a heart as big as a water bucket and was always thinking about some poor guy that was in trouble and always wanting me to help him get the guy outa his jam.

Being as I was hungry, I started out from the hotel looking for a place to eat. I coulda gone into the hotel grill but they sock you too much. Why, I remember one hotel where they socked me four dollars for a snack of six tiny weeny lamb chops with a few mashed potatoes and some peas and a quart of milk.

It was the principle of the thing I didn't like. I make plenty of money. Every time I wrastle Hammerhead usta give me forty or fifty dollars. And wrastling every night the way I do it adds up to plenty. Every week I could send twenty-five bucks home to the folks and put more in the bank. I coulda put more in the bank only every once in a while Hammerhead has to take back fifty dollars or so on account of some wrastler is in the hospital dying and is going to be put out if the doctor ain't paid. Or maybe it's on account of Hammerhead lost the railroad tickets and has got to buy more. Or else the guy what booked us went broke and Hammerhead couldn't get our money.

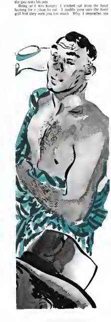
Ever since Myrtle started to ...... But there, that's getting ahead of my story. Now lemme see, where was I? Oh yeah, I started out to look for a place to get a snack. I walked down the street until I see a little place on the corner with kinda red-checkered curtains in the window like ma used to put on our windows out West. There's a sign that says: "Cozy Corner Eatery. All the hamburger you can eat for fifty cents."

I had to duck away down low to get through the door on account of the door is no more than six feet high. It is dim inside and, after walking in the bright sunlight, I can't see a thing for a minute.

It's while I am blinking to get the dazzle outa my eyes that I hear someone sing out, "All hands below to shift ballast to the after hold. We've got cargo coming aboard forward."

After I get rid of the dazzle I could see the girl behind the counter. I didn't know that they had dames like her in the East. She is pretty as a picture with a lot of yellow hair piled up on her head. And her cheeks are red without none of that rouge like most dolls use. She is quite tall, maybe six feet or a little over. I hadn't seen a shape like hers since I left sister Annabelle on the station platform back home.

She puts her hands on the counter and her eyes go kinda wide as she says: "Well, say something, or else get down on all four legs so I'll know you are a truck elephant."



I GRINS because Hammerhead tells me I gotta all the time on account of he says my face is enough to scare women and children.

This one ain't scared at all. She just says: "Ah, it smiles. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe it ain't escaped from the zoo."

I says, "About that sign you got up. You know, the one that says all the hamburger."

She puts both hands to her head and starts to kinda rock and moan. Finally she says, "Oh, oh! I shoulda knowed that sooner or later that sign would turn around and slap me in the face. How much hamburger you think you can eat?"

But she is grinning even while she moans. I can see that here is the kinda dame I like, good-natured, like ma and sister Annabelle. Then she says: "It's the tail end of a busy day as I haven't got but eight or nine pounds of hamburger in the refrigerator."

So I says, "Aw, I ain't very hungry. I just want a snack. About a couple of pounds maybe, with some onions."

She shakes her head and says, "He ain't very hungry. What a break for me. He just wants to nibble at a side of beef with a crate of onions on the side. Okay, you get maybe a couple of pounds. I'm a woman of my word. Stick up a sign and stick with it, that's my motto. I've got no one to blame but myself."

While she is frying the hamburger she asks me questions about myself. When she hears that I'm a wrastler, she says: "I should have knowed that too. Nobody could be like that and be anything else." Then she asks me do I know a muscle-bender by the name of Kicker Olsen.

"Why yes," I tells her. "Why, that's the guy I'm going to wrastle next Monday. They say he is a very tough baby indeed."

"Ah yes," she says with a sigh. "It is me that should know it. Kicker Olsen, known to me as Oscar, is indeed a very tough baby. I have seen how very tough he can be."

That strikes me kinda funny as this dame don't look like no kinda one who would be going to wrastling shows. When I say something like that, she says: "I never have to go to no wrastling show to see little Oscar work out. Oh no, indeed. Oscar is my baby brother. The dear, playful little fellow."

She leans over the counter and asks: "Will you do me a favor?"

When I say "Sure," she picks up a long loaf of bread and twists it in two with her hands and says: "Just like that with little Oscar. You do that and I will give you all the hamburger you can eat for nothing. It would be worth it even if you run me into bankruptcy."

By the time I am finished with the hamburger with a plateful of onions and a few rolls, we are having a swell time. I tell her all about my six brothers and ma and sister Annabelle and pa, who is sixty-six and works in the sawmill.

"How much cheaper he must be than a derrick," she says to me. "I can just see dear old papa tossing logs up to the saws. Ah me."

That's just kidding. Nobody could do that. I tell her that it is all pa can do to lift one end of a big log while two or three guys lift the other end.

"Just a dreamer, that's me," she says with a sigh. "Always building up dream pictures of real he-men only to have my dreams busted. You didn't by any chance make a mistake about your name. Your papa now wouldn't maybe be Paul Bunyan?"

I just laugh at her then. That's one thing I do know. I'd heard the lumberjacks tell about Paul Bunyan. So I tells her that he ain't nothing but a guy that other guys has made up in stories.

She shook her head and looked at me very sadly. "There you go, busting up all my girlish dreams. Have a heart, mister, and leave me believe that your old man is Paul Bunyan."

I am just going to tell her that you can't believe no lies when you know they are only lies, when a couple of guys come into the restaurant. They're mean looking boxes. One is a little runt, less'n six feet tall. The other one is bigger. I could see he's been a wrastler once because he had a thick ear.

I don't pay much attention to them until the little runt yanks out an automatic and says: "This is a stick-up, sister. Just stay where you are and everything will be lovely."

THERE is something in their voices that tell me they mean it, so I sit tight. But when they are taking the cash out of the register I feel myself getting mad. Anybody who is swell enough to give all the hamburger you can eat for fifty cents, can't make a fortune and don't deserve no bad break like this.

As the two guys back out slowly, the dame says: "There goes the profits for a month. One hundred and fifty bucks in that register waiting for the landlord to come and collect."

That makes me real mad. I stands up and looks. There's a car at the curb with a guy at the wheel and the motor running. One of the guys is starting to open the door. The other one turns and starts to jump for the car.

There's just one thing to do. So I does it. I takes hold of the stool I'm sitting on and yanks it up. It was only held down by three bolts so it doesn't take much of a yank to bust it loose.

I steps to the door and flang the stool. It hit the big guy in the back and lifts him right off his feet and slams him into the other guy, who whams into the car with a bong that sounds like his head is going right through. The guy at the wheel yelps, throws in the clutch and is away from there in a cloud of dust.

The girl leans over the counter and looks first at the guys laying in the gutter, then at the three holes in the floor where I'd pulled the bolts loose, and says: "The mountain fell right on Mahomet. Now if I was a womanly woman I'd faint. As it is first I get back my money, then I call for some law and a flock of ambulances."

She gets the money all right. But she doesn't have to call the law because the cop up the street comes running down blowing a whistle. She just says to the cop, "Take these gorillas away from here and do what you like with them. The boy friend is through playing with them."

She comes back inside and says, "How about another two or three pounds of hamburger, Paul Bunyan?"

I tells her no, because my dinner time is a couple of hours off and I don't want to spoil my appetite.

"Yes," she says, "I can see how it is. When anybody has an appetite like yours, they've got to coddle it. You're right, big boy, you keep right on denying yourself that way and you'll live forever."

Then I remembers that maybe Hammerhead would be sore if I got myself into any jams. So while the cop is down at the corner ringing for the wagon I says good by to the girl. She tells me then that her name is Myrtle Olsen and the Kicker is her stepbrother, and she hopes I'll make him my stepbrother by stepping on his face. She sure has a dandy sense of humor.

IT DIDN'T make sense to me because when I get back I ask Hammerhead about Kicker Olsen and he tells me that he is a boy with a great deal of trouble in his life. It seems that he is married to a woman and they have five children, three of which are very, very sick, and the other two are poorly. And now it seems, Kicker's wife has to go to the hospital.

I ask him if he ever hears about Kicker having a sister or anything like that and he says, "Why yes, I did hear something like that. It seems that she is coming to see him wrastle and it will grieve her no end if she sees her little brother, on top of all his other trouble, get his face pushed into the resin."

Considering what Myrtle says, this don't make sense. So I tries to tell Hammerhead about Myrtle. But he only gets mad and says: "Your love life don't mean a thing to me, Muscles. All I ask is that you step into the ring ready to go, and leave all the worrying to me. I only know what Kicker tells me when he come to me with the tears running down his cheeks. You do like I tell you and everything will

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What a Climate!

If it isn't the heat it's the frigidity; if you're not parched you're drenched; the ideal climate simply doesn't exist

By WALLACE REYBURN

CARTOONS BY GRASSICK

SPRING! PHOOEY!

No spring, no poet.

THE philosopher who said "Weather is the discourse of fools" was passing a rather severe criticism on everybody all over the world. Who doesn't talk about the weather? From Glasgow to Buenos Aires, from New York to Bombay, the weather is conversation matter number one.

When you go up in the elevator in the morning with that nodding acquaintance who has an office on the floor above you, what do you say to him? Certainly not, "I was browsing through Einstein's theory of relativity last night—it's good stuff." No. You say, "Lovely day," or "Cold enough for you?" or "It looks as though summer is definitely here." When you drop into a drugstore for a package of cigarettes, the man behind the counter gives you your change and—"Foul day, isn't it!"

We've been using these good old stand-bys all our lives. "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity." "It looks like rain." "My thermometer read ten below when I left home this morning." "This is a real summer's day." "What a climate!" "Lovely weather for ducks." We'll go on saying these same old weatherbeaten platitudes until the day we pass in our check. Discourse on the weather has been proved over hundreds of years to be the safest and most satisfactory way of starting a conversation with a casual acquaintance. I guess the reason is that it is a subject upon which each and every one of us is an authority. We're all graduates of the University of Weather; our diploma a coat of suntan and a pair of frozen ears.

New Zealand trains are blown off rails

Even New Zealanders Complain

THE REALLY interesting thing about the weather is that no matter what part of the world you go to, you'll find that the local inhabitants complain about their climate. Even in those countries which are supposed to possess wonderful climates, the locals find something to moan about—except perhaps California. But there they never complain about anything. During the depression a Californian was asked how they had been hit, and he replied, "Well, there's no depression out here, but it's certainly the worst boom we've had in years." That's your Californian for you.

I come from the country which is popularly accepted as having the best all-the-year-round climate in the world—New Zealand. You know, that little country which is always an afterthought to the atlas compilers and is put on the last page.

Well, they tell me over here that New Zealand's is the best climate in the world. Having sampled a Canadian winter, a Ceylon summer, and many and varied climates in different parts of the globe, I'm beginning to feel that there is more than a little truth in that statement. But you should hear them complain out there about their climate! It is only when one comes away from it that one realizes just how much better it is than the climates of the majority of the other parts of the world.

New Zealand being made up of three islands, its climate is very temperate. There are no extremes such as those of Canada; it never gets unpleasantly hot, never bitterly cold. In the north there is never any snow. Except for a faraway peek at a snow-capped mountain (which doesn't count) I had never seen snow until I went to England; didn't know what real snow was until I came to Canada. Poor Canada, you're God's frozen people!

New Zealanders play tennis and golf all the year round, are out in their gardens in summer, winter, any time. Schoolboys go off to school clad only in an open shirt and shorts, no shoes or socks. In my native Auckland the winters are easy stuff. I remember the thrill I used to get as a boy, placing a saucer of water outside the back door on one of the rare frosty nights and in the morning finding a thin crust of ice on top of it. That's the nearest Auckland ever gets to a rigid winter.

Well, what on earth do New Zealanders find to complain about, you ask. At the risk of injuring New Zealand's tourist trade I'll say that we have our fair share of rain and wind out there. That's what the New Zealanders do their complaining about. Auckland is noted for its torrential downpours. The main street of the city used to be a stream and more than once I've seen it revert to its former state. One day the drains in one of the side streets in the centre of the city couldn't cope with the quantity of rain water, and messenger boys had great fun swimming in the street. Of course you don't believe that. Likewise you won't believe that a train was blown clean off the rails just outside of Wellington. You're a disbelieving sort of a person, so I won't argue with you. New Zealand's capital, Wellington, isn't called "Windy Wellington" only because Parliament is situated there. It gets that nickname from the fact that it blows so hard there you have to glue your paint to your house. There's a notice at one particular part of the highway just outside Wellington which reads, "Beware of the Wind." Numerous cars have been blown off the road there. To which you reply, "That's nothing—last night at my house the wind blew down the chimney." Very funny.

One of the first things a Canadian would notice in a New Zealand city are the permanent porticoes on all the buildings. Here and there in Canada the odd picture theatre or store offers a canopy over its entrance, but in New Zealand all city sidewalks and even the suburban shopping centres have their permanent canopies. You can window shop up and down any New Zealand street on the rainiest day and keep as dry as a speech at a mothers' meeting.

Sunburned Santa Claus

THE unwinterish winters of most parts of New Zealand are all very well, but they have their drawbacks. For instance, in Auckland spring doesn't mean anything. There is no snow to be melted away by the early spring sun; all the trees are evergreen and the countryside looks the same all the year round. When I was a lad in New Zealand it took me quite a time to get the hang of the four seasons in junior school. I couldn't tell my teacher which time of the year was spring, which part was autumn. I had no budding shoots or falling leaves to guide me.

I guess that's why New Zealand has never produced any great poets. "Autumn leaves" and "spring is here" are the very lifeblood of the poet.

And another thing which the New Zealand child can't get straight in his mind is this Santa Claus business. Despite the fact that Christmas is in midsummer in New Zealand, they still adhere to the "Father Christmas in his sleigh over the snows" idea of Christmas. Christmas cards all bear the traditional holly, snow-covered cottages, and so on. You can imagine how bewildering it is to a youthful New Zealander to receive a snow-covered Christmas card and look out of his window at the boiling sun melting the asphalt on the sidewalks.

A sunburned Santa Claus

Being a New Zealand department store Santa Claus is probably the most unenviable occupation in existence. Poor Santa stands there on the street corner, with the hot sun beating down on his heavy red cloak, the perspiration pouring down his face and his beard a gory mess of cotton wool and melted glue.

This past Christmas in Canada was the first real Christmas I had ever experienced in my life. It had been a long wait before the true significance of Yuletide was brought home to me.

Shivering in England

BEFORE I came to Canada I was warned what I was in for, as far as the climate is concerned. "If you don't perish from the cold in winter," I was told, "you'll surely succumb to the heat in summer." It was brought very definitely to my understanding that in Canada you are no sooner over the rigors of winter than you are confronted by the sweltering heat of summer. And there's no doubt about that. Canadians are human icebox cookies: they're frozen, then they're baked.

Why Englishmen get that way.

However, it must be admitted that Canadians know what they are up against with their climate and prepare for the worst. Britain has had her climatic worries for hundreds of years, and still they're not doing very much about it over there. Canadians centrally heat their homes and buildings in winter, air-condition them in summer. In Britain convention or tradition, or whatever it may be, decrees that nothing very much be done about counteracting the weather's shortcomings. In the English home in winter they build a nice big open fire in their noninsulated dwelling and think they have got the upper hand of the cold. In England it never gets anywhere near as cold as it does in this country, yet when Canadians visit the Old Country they feel the cold much more than they do over here. My theory is that the centrally heated homes and stores and offices in Canada thaw a person out, while in England nobody ever manages to get really warm.

Of course Britain's climate is as notorious as New Zealand's is famous. The English weather is a standard joke, and I doubt whether such papers as *Punch* would exist today if there weren't rainy summers and fog to fall back on for material. I think it was *Punch* that originated that famous cartoon showing a dejected Cockney and his wife and youngsters huddled under a tree. They are bedecked in all their summer holiday finery, but the rain is coming down in sheets. The Cockney turns to his wife and moans, "What a Government!"

The many English humorous columns would be at a sad loss without the weather as their stooge. Regularly each New Year one of the joke columns runs this gag: "Weather forecast for 1939—Rain." Around spring time one of them is sure to have this old favorite: "Summer this year will be on August 27."

What really gets the Canadian down in England is the lack of sunshine. Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, they all pray for blue cloudless skies and bright sunshine when they go to England, and they find that in winter one must practically say good-by to the sun for four or five months, and in the summer must be content with the sun shining none too brightly through what seems to be an ever-present haze. Even when the sun does shine in England one can never be really sure of it, which has made

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Tools of Industry

Making carbon copies of letters (right) is simple; duplicating dies (extreme right) is a more complicated use of the same principle.

The auto industry's buffing wheel (left) is a development of the housewife's polishing cloth (below)

The grinding wheel which smooths plowshares (left) does the same sort of job as the ordinary nail file (below)

In which a strike reaches its climax, new dangers threaten the whirring looms, and a Bradley marches on the Holcombs

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

Looms of Conflict

By Burton L. Spiller

The soaring screech of the mill whistle brought the inhabitants of Rainbow tumbling from their beds.

Their first thought was that the mill had been set afire.

The story: Kent Harmon, ousted from Nationw Woollens Co. when Charles Doggett achieved control, is o fishing trip with his one-time assistant, Jim Bradley, a an Indian guide who has become ill, when he arriv Rainbow, an isolated Northern village built around a independent textile plant owned by David Holcomb. H comb's attractive daughter, Nancy, is mill superintend

Harmon contracts with Holcomb to manage the mill fo year, provided he can secure capital. Trying to do this in city, he finds that textile wholesalers have been warned Doggett not to do business with him. However, a sm dealer named Eckelstein, who is associated with many ot small dealers, enables him to secure $60,000, and this, w Harmon's own $10,000 and Bradley's $5,000, enab Harmon to hire workers and start production.

Harmon believes that Doggett, in his underhanded effo to control the whole industry, has caused Holcomb's man so he is annoyed to learn that Nancy is engaged to ma Doggett, and that both she and her father believe he is try to help them.

After Doggett visits the Holcombs, the old gentleman t Harmon he has learned about his record and wants him quit. Harmon declines.

In an altercation with a big Irishman named Reard Harmon knocks him down, and thereafter Reardon beco his friend.

Learning that a worker named Anstein has been placed the mill by Doggett to foment a strike, Harmon runs the m out of town. Anstein returns and leads the strike. While men are debating in a hall, Harmon enters and addres them. A fight, with Reardon participating, follows a Harmon is felled by a blackjack.

CON REARDON saw Harmon toppling from platform. The semiconscious Harmon mi have been badly trampled by the surging m but with a bull-like rush Reardon leaped forw A sweep of one huge arm hurled a trouble-seeking m man out of his way, and then he was straddling Harmon's body. Even in the few moments since fight began Reardon's shirt had been torn to shreds. stood there, legs braced, big shoulders swaying.

"Get back—ye scum!" he roared.

Lute Griggs and Jim Bradley struggled to his side. "Godfrey, this is a fine state of affairs!" piped Lute Grig "What kind of folk are you, that won't give a man a f hearin'?"

Harmon, dizzy, his right arm hanging limp, shook head like a dog coming out of water. His brain clear He crawled slowly to his feet. The incident follow by Reardon's threatening stand had sobered the crow little. The arguments that had broken out in all pa of the hall subsided.

"Come on, let's get out of here," growled Bradley. " we can."

Harmon tried to move his right arm. A violent twi of pain shot through his shoulder, but he was thank that no bones were broken. His head was throbb with pain from the grazing impact of the blackjack.

"You okay, chief?" asked Reardon.

Harmon nodded. "Thanks, Con. Let's go."

Worse than the physical pain was the knowledge that he had failed in his attempt to make the strikers listen to reason. The angry faces that confronted him were dark with hatred. He would only stir them to fresh fury if he tried to reach the platform again. He would be lucky to get out if he reached the door of the hall without a new outbreak of violence.

Con Reardon moved forward.

"Gangway," snarled the Irishman.

"Yessir, it's a fine state of affairs," bleated Lute Griggs again. "Never thought I'd see the like of this in Rainbow."

"Lute Griggs!" commanded a strident and familiar voice. "You keep that big mouth of yours closed or your teeth are liable to fall out. I'll do the talkin' for our family."

Wading through the crowd came Ma Griggs like a schooner under full canvas. Red-faced and determined, she used her weight and elbows vigorously as she thrust her way toward them.

"Now look here, Ma!" piped Lute Griggs. "You better keep out of this. It ain't no place for a woman—"

"Isn't it?" snapped Ma Griggs. "A fine mess you men have made of it." Ma was mad. She hitched up her skirts and waddled up the steps to the platform. Then, puffing, she brushed a strand of hair off her forehead and faced the crowd. A delighted workman gave an incredulous yell.

"Hurray! Ma's gonna make a speech."

There was a roar of laughter. The women in the audience shrieked applause.

"I'm making no speech," declared Ma Griggs sharply. "I've never made one in my life and I'm not starting now. But I'm going to tell you folks a thing or two. That man of mine says this is no place for a woman. All I can say is that it's high time the women of this town took a hand in things. I don't notice that you men"—she favored the nearest group of workers with a withering glare—"have made such a howling success."

"Good for you, Mrs. Griggs!" screamed a weaver's wife. "Go right after them."

"And if you had done a little more talking at home," Ma Griggs told her crisply, "maybe you'd have been able to keep your husband from making a fool of himself by going on strike."

The crowd howled. Ma Griggs had them in a good humor now. "By Godfrey," muttered Lute in admiration, "she's got 'em eatin' right out of her hand. She could run the government and win hands down."

"Now listen here!" declared Ma Griggs, putting her hands on her hips. "I've lived in Rainbow longer than any of you. I came here when they started building the mill and I've been here ever since. I lived in a company town before I came here and I lived through a strike in that town. It was the company won that strike. And why? Because they starved the workers out. And how did they do it? They just closed down the company store."

MA PAUSED for a moment to let this sink in. Then she waggled a fat forefinger at them.

"Did any of you go without supper tonight? No! The company store was open, doin' business as usual. Most of it on credit. You take it for granted. Mr. Harmon could have closed up that store tighter than a drum the very minute you quit work. He was advised to do it. Ninety-nine managers out of a hundred would have done it. But he kept the store open because he didn't want the women and kids of this town to suffer any hardships on account of the menfolk making fools of themselves. Now get that, you ungrateful dumbbells. He kept that store open—"

"It's a lie!" shouted Anstein from the back of the platform. "The store is no part of the mill property. Holcomb should get the credit for keeping the store open."

Ma Griggs turned.

"You dare!" she exclaimed, her voice quivering with indignation. "You dare give me the lie! It's you that's lyin', you snake in the grass. I've forgotten more about this town than you'll ever learn in a hundred years and when I say Mr. Harmon has the power to close that store, I know what I'm talking about."

A contemptuous sniff disposed of Anstein. Someone whooped, "We believe you, Ma. Go ahead."

"As for this," and Ma flicked her thumb at Anstein, "I've seen his kind before. It doesn't matter to him that a lot of women and kids will go hungry. It matters to Mr. Harmon. But not to him. And if it's a choice between the two men, the man who's decent enough to risk being licked just because he's too much of a gentleman to work hardship on the innocent—and between the man who talks you into quitting good jobs when you ought to be mighty glad to have work at all—well, there just isn't any choice. Why don't you women wake up? Haven't you got any influence at all over these husbands of yours? I tell you what, if I heard my Lute talking any nonsense about going on strike I'd have something to say about it—"

"Now you look here, Ma, I'm still wearing the pants in our house," objected Lute in a plaintive bleat.

"If anybody dies it won't be all Doggett's fault," said Bradley. "Your father will have to share the blame."

"That's what you think!" rapped out Ma Griggs, and her retort was almost drowned out in a roar of laughter. Men slapped each other on the back. Women rocked with mirth. The hatred and suspicion that had consumed the crowd was washed away in a wave of glee. And they roared the louder when they glimpsed Lute Griggs' crestfallen face. It broke up the meeting. Ma Griggs shrewdly ended her speech then and there. Her quick tongue and warm personality had changed a bitter, hypnotized mob into chuckling, guffawing human beings. She had put them in good humor and given them something to think about.

"She's a wonder," exclaimed Harmon as he saw the laughing workers stampeding toward the door. "Why, she did more with that crowd in two minutes than I could have done in a week."

"Yeah, but they're not back at work yet," said Bradley. He cast a sour glance back toward the platform where Anstein, rubbing a sore jaw, was arguing heatedly with Marchette.

MA GRIGGS hadn't broken the strike, but she had put a severe dent in it. Her argument that Harmon had refused to use the most effective weapon at his command, the company store, because it would work hardship on women and children registered strongly. And for all the booing and jeering that had greeted Harmon, his speech had not been entirely in vain. Marchette's vicious attack on him had not gone down very well with the soberer element, and after the meeting some of the men who had jeered the loudest found themselves remembering Harmon's talk and comparing it with the rabid fulminations of Anstein and Marchette—to Harmon's advantage.

No one knew better than the agitators that the meeting had weakened their control. Back in their room that night Anstein and Marchette faced the facts.

"We'd be sitting pretty if it hadn't been for that meddlesome old woman," growled Marchette. "We've got to do something and do it quick. I don't know how we stand with these men now."

"They're slipping," snapped Anstein. "If more of them go back to work in the morning, we'll lose 'em all. I know the signs."

"So what?"

"Cripple the mill."

Marchette licked his lips nervously. The idea of risking his own hide had never appealed to him.

"Maybe we'd better wait. I don't think she swung very many of them away from us."

"I'm taking no chances. Doggett said to shut that mill and keep it shut. The quicker Harmon folds up, the bigger bonus we get. I was hoping we wouldn't have to run the risk of going into the mill, but we've got to do it."

"They've got floodlights. And extra watchmen."

"You turning yellow on me?" snarled Anstein. The two men glared at each other. Then Marchette looked sulkily at the floor.

"When do we start?" he muttered.

Anstein looked at his watch.

"It's eleven o'clock now. We'll wait a few hours."

Rainbow was silent, its homes in darkness, when the pair lowered themselves over the windowsill of their ground-floor room. One brilliant splash of light stood out in sharp relief against the blackness of the river valley. Floodlights glared down on the deserted mill yard. In their blinding radiance Lute Griggs, sitting drowsily at one of the windows in the machine shop, could distinguish every stick, stone and blade of grass from the mill wall to the fence.

Anstein, however, was not following any hastily conceived plan. He had outlined his program well in advance. His present mission was a last resort, to be undertaken only if he felt that there was a danger of the strike being broken.

Silently the two men stole down a dark lane below the mill until they reached the river bank below the dam. Then they made their way quietly toward the great mass of buildings. They were back of the floodlights now, well under cover of darkness. The rank, wet grass was spongy under their feet. The steady roar of the falls boomed in their ears.

The south wall of the mill loomed high and dark ahead. Anstein had chosen to approach from this direction because the yard fence did not run all the way to the river bank here but stopped at the mill wall. He had taken advantage of his brief period of employment at Rainbow to learn the layout of the big plant thoroughly.

They halted beneath one of the windows. Anstein fumbled for a moment. A protesting creak and the window swung open.

"I unsnapped that catch from the inside two weeks ago," Anstein whispered. "Thought it might come in handy."

He scrambled onto the sill, disappeared inside. Marchette, after a moment of hesitation, followed. Marchette didn't care for this venture. He could put up a good pretense of bravery with a couple of hundred strikers behind him, but this particular errand carried too many possibilities of a bullet from the dark.

Reflected illumination from the radiance of the floodlights came through the dirty windows that overlooked the yard and revealed the shadowy bulks of machines in the long room. Anstein led the way.

"The chief thing," he whispered to Marchette, "is that it's got to look like an accident. We could start a fire or bust up a few machines with a crowbar, but they'd know right away who did it. This way, a lot of damage is done and nobody can prove a thing."

They were approaching the part of the mill that sheltered the great looms. Above the intricate machines ran the pipes of the sprinkler system. Anstein and his companion stood motionless for a moment, listening. There was no sound but the steady, distant rumble of the falls, the humming of machinery in the powerhouse.

Heat, just enough to expand the delicate mechanism of the sprinkler system into operation, would be enough to send gallons of water showering into the room. Water that would damage the looms to such an extent that even if the men did return to work in the morning they would find the mill paralyzed for days. Anstein took matches from his pocket.

"Climb up on that loom," he ordered Marchette in a whisper. "I'll take the other side. You know how the system works."

"Don't move!" ordered a gruff voice from the darkness beyond the looms. "I got gun. Put your hands up!"

MARCHETTE uttered a yelp of sheer startled fright. Anstein froze. Slowly he raised his arms. The matches dribbled from his nerveless fingers and fell to the floor. Out of the shadows came a man armed with a rifle.

"Try make water, swoosh, swoosh, make big mess, ruin machines, huh?" grunted Indian Joe. "I wait here one night, two night, now you come. Now you go!"

Anstein eyed the rifle barrel, glimmering in a ray of light from the windows. He discarded the notion of making a break for liberty. This Indian was too ominous, his voice too grim.

Suddenly Joe flung back his head, uttered a horrible, ear-splitting shriek. It was like the war whoop of his forebears. Its screeching echoes rang through the mill. Marchette, sweating with terror, his knees shaking, gave a despairing groan.

The shriek was answered by a distant shout. There was a clattering of heavy boots on cement.

"Hold 'em, Joe!" bawled Lute Griggs. "I'm a-comin'!"

A moment later Lute came storming into the room, armed with the first available wrench. And not long after that the soaring screech of the mill whistle shattered the deep night silence of Rainbow. Never since the village was built had the deafening whistle blast been heard at that unearthly hour. It was so loud, so prolonged, that it would have aroused a graven image or a stone dog. Gabriel's trumpet couldn't have sent the inhabitants of Rainbow scrambling out of their beds with greater haste or unanimity.

Harmon was one of the first to reach the mill yard with Jim Bradley, hatless and coatless, hard on his heels. Harmon's first thought, when the frantic screeching of the whistle had awakened him, was that the mill had been set afire. But there was no lurid glare in the sky, no rolling cloud of smoke.

Under the floodlights stood a little group of men—Anstein, tight-mouthed and defiant; Marchette, quaking with fear; Indian Joe, imperturbable as ever; the two extra watchmen in a state of high excitement; and Lute Griggs, capering about like a giant scarecrow unhinged with [illegible] and speech.

"Tryin' to ruin the machinery, hey?" clamored Lute. "By Godfrey, so that's the way you help the poor working man, is it? Afeared they'd be goin' back to their jobs in the morning."

Harmon took in the situation at a glance. For once, Anstein and Marchette had overstepped themselves.

"What's it all about, Lute?" he asked quietly.

Lute told him at length. More men came running up. And as the crowd gathered, Marchette and Anstein became uneasy. To a mill worker the looms are sacred. The very men who had cheered the loudest when the agitators declaimed against Harmon now muttered grimly among themselves when they learned that their two leaders had been caught red-handed at the looms with matches in their hands. Some jumped to the conclusion that Anstein had been trying to burn down the plant.

Rainbow was ablaze with lights. Men and women were hastening down the roads toward the mill.

"You're through, Anstein," snapped Harmon. "Better get going. All the oratory in the world won't save you from a ducking in the river when these people realize what you've been up to."

"Scram," advised Bradley. "You're gettin' off easy. If you're not out of Rainbow in five minutes, it'll be just too bad for you."

"Hey!" yelped the aggrieved Lute. "You're not going to let 'em go! After all the trouble I had catchin' 'em? By Godfrey, they ought to be locked up. Ten years in penitentiary would be too good for them."

"Throw 'em in river," grunted Joe.

Anstein and Marchette fled. They didn't even call at their room to pack. In considerably less than the five minutes Bradley had allowed, their car was rocketing down the road to Bolton.

The strike was broken.

There was no further doubt about that next morning. And Ma Griggs and Indian Joe shared the credit. The agitators might have been able to counteract the effect of Ma Griggs' speech, but the most stubborn dissenter could not laugh off the fact that the strikers were now leaderless. A few of them hung back, muttering darkly that Anstein and Marchette had been "framed," but as seven o'clock drew near they found themselves so badly outnumbered that they gave in, hustled to get back in line with the returning workers before it would be too late.

They came to the last man. When Harmon went down to the office that morning, he found the mill yard crowded. Again he had to thrust his way through a group massed around the gate. No longer, though, was there any arrogance about them. One by one, with downcast looks and sheepish eyes, they filed into the mill office and asked to be reinstated.

"Now," said Harmon, "we can get together and show the world how to make cloth."

HARMON was too jubilant over the sudden turn of events to cherish any resentment, and he lost nothing by his generous attitude, for many a man who had entered the room with animosity still rankling in his heart went out swearing fealty to his employer.

"Well, it was just a dud after all," Bradley said. "A lot of sputtering and fizzin', but no real fireworks. It'll be a long time before they try that again."

"I hope so. I don't see how Daggett can hurt us now. He has always played a strike for his trump card. It looks now as though we were going to win."

"It does, don't it? I was hopin' they'd hold off a few more days, though, and give Lute a chance to get that dyein' machine together. He's got a good start on it."

"There'll be time enough to play with it after we get this straightened out. We're going to hit our stride this time and I'll bury you with cloth."

"Well, let it come," Bradley cheerfully returned. "We'll take care of it. We're organized down here. I've got some good men."

"You have a good one in Reardon. I owe him something for what he just done. Sound him out and see if he cares to advance. If he does, we can push him up a little right here."

"I've been watchin' him, and he's takin' hold. He'll be ready for a floor job in a month or two."

"See that he gets it," said Harmon. "And tell him about it when he comes in. I should like him to know I appreciate what he has done for us," and he hurried off to the picker room.

"Get ready to give me a thousand extra pounds of stock each day," he said to the foreman, and his voice was jubilant. "We're going to find out what this plant is capable of doing."

A few days elapsed before the disrupted balance was again restored, but when it was once established and the excitement of the past few days had been in a measure forgotten, they began for the first time really to tax the capacity of the mill. Through the long hours of the night the machines whirred and clanked, filling the air with a vibrant tremor that was music to Harmon's ears, while the winding road to Bolton became populous with speeding vehicles. From morning until night the fleet of trucks rolled back and forth across the twenty-mile stretch in the endless task of transporting the necessary supplies, while mammoth trailer-equipped lorries, each with the capacity of a freight car, toiled up the long grades loaded to their limits with wool with which to feed the rapacious monster that whined and growled as it sucked the mass into its vitals.

CHARLES DAGGETT received a distinct shock when he read the black one-line heading over that short item in his morning paper.

RAINBOW STRIKE ENDS

Bolton, May 14. Employees of Rainbow Mills, textile plant at Rainbow Village, twenty miles north of here, went back to work yesterday after a strike of less than a week's duration. The walkout was occasioned by the dismissal of an employee. Demands of the employees were not met. "Just a little difference of opinion," stated Kent Harmon, manager of the plant. Mr. Harmon declined to comment further. Rainbow has been running on a twenty-four-hour schedule.

Daggett, reading that, could scarcely believe his eyes. It was his first intimation of Anstein's failure.

"Why didn't the fool let me know? Why hasn't he telephoned? What's happened to Holcomb?" he fumed. The big blond man was shaken out of his usual iron composure. He couldn't understand how Anstein had been defeated. The last report from that henchman had been to the effect that the Rainbow plant would be closed for weeks. Above all, he couldn't understand why Anstein hadn't informed him instantly of this drastic setback.

Daggett was just reaching for the telephone, planning to put through a long-distance call to David Holcomb in Rainbow, when his secretary came in to announce Anstein himself.

"He's been waiting in the reception room for the past twenty minutes, ever since the office opened this morning."

"Send him in," growled Daggett.

Anstein, sullen and gloomy, stood before him a moment later. Under Daggett's cold stare, the man wilted.

"So you messed everything up," Daggett rapped out contemptuously. He indicated the newspaper on the desk. "I have to depend on the paper for my information. Why didn't you send a telegram? Why didn't you phone? What happened?" He fired the questions at the wretched Anstein like bullets.

"I got here as fast as I could," muttered the man. "There wasn't any use telephoning. You couldn't have done anything."

"Who are you to say whether I could have done anything or not?" demanded Daggett harshly. "They broke the strike, I gather. Well, how did it happen? Tell your story."

Anstein told it. Daggett was pale with irritation.

"You pair of bunglers," he exploded. "Let yourselves be out-talked by a blithering old woman and outsmarted by an ignorant redskin. Why did you try to meddle with the sprinkler system, anyhow?"

"I had to do something," Anstein retorted defensively. "We'd lost our hold on the men. I could see that. If I could have kept the mill shut for a couple of days, I'd have talked the men into line again."

"Get out!" growled Daggett, white with fury. "Get out of my sight. Your cheque will be mailed to you. The easiest job you ever had, and you bungled it like an amateur. Count yourself lucky that Harmon didn't have you thrown in jail."

"Count yourself lucky on that score," Anstein replied. "If I'd gone to jail I'd have done some talking that wouldn't have helped your reputation any."

"Any talking you could do wouldn't hurt me very much. Get out!"

"Okay," answered Anstein. He was just opening the door when he glanced back. "Harmon blurted out at the meeting that the Rainbow output is going to a fellow named Eckelstein. Take the tip for what it's worth."

He went out.

Daggett was very thoughtful. Then he pressed a buzzer and when his secretary appeared, he asked for all available information on Eckelstein. After that he put through a call to a contracting firm.

"About that water diversion project we were discussing the other day," said Daggett into the telephone. "On Rainbow River. Right. I told you to wait until I gave the word. Well, go ahead."

Daggett was a firm believer in the adage that there is more than one way of killing a cat.

THREE DAYS later, young Bliss warned Harmon by telephone that a river steamer had just started up the Kennebec, towing a lighter loaded with lumber and heavy timber.

"I made some enquiries," Bliss said, "but they are pretty secretive about it, too much so to suit me. I learned, though, that they had been chartered by an H. C. Krone, of Boston. I can find no firm listed under that name. It smells pretty fishy to me."

"It's probably a contractor engaged to build a camp somewhere up in the bush," Harmon suggested.

"He could also be building a dam across a river."

"They would never do a thing like that. The law wouldn't permit it."

"Once let them put a dam across your stream and they could fight you through the courts for years, unless you could get a restraining injunction. There's been many an outrage committed in the name of the law."

"There'll be something more than an outrage committed if they try to block us of water," Harmon promised darkly. "It will be more in the nature of a massacre. What did you learn concerning our rights? Have we any?"

"Yes, indeed. I looked up the records. You are granted the sole and unrestricted use of the water that flows past your holdings," said Bliss.

"We're all right, then. That 'unrestricted use' protects us."

"Not as I see it. You have the unrestricted use of what flows past your property. If it ceases to flow, that's your hard luck."

"But there is no justice in that. Think of the town and the money invested here. We could win a verdict in any court if it came to a trial."

"I'll grant that," replied the lawyer. "You could unquestionably—if you were in a position to fight. But suppose they succeeded in shutting your plant down for a month or two. Could you fight then?"

"With teeth and claw," Harmon answered dryly. "I'd have nothing else left. See here, you young kill-joy, why are you worrying me? You are my lawyer. Why don't you do something about it?"

"That is what I am doing. I thought you might like to put a man in the field to learn what they are up to."

"A good idea," Harmon agreed. "I'll send Joe up there tomorrow. I'll call you when he reports to me."

He hung up the receiver, fully resolved to communicate his wishes to the guide that night, but Joe had gone out to the river to try his luck on the evening rise of trout, and had not returned when Harmon departed for a few hours extra labor in the office.

It was the end of June, and the days had reached their greatest length. The reflected light from the flaming west extended the hour of twilight, and the clock had struck eight before Harmon found it necessary to press the switch that lighted the office. He had barely resumed his seat when the lamps flared brightly for a moment, then gradually faded to a rosy glow and flickered out. Glancing from the window, he saw that not only the mill but the entire village was in darkness. Something had gone wrong in the power plant. Hurrying out, he encountered Lute, a bobbing flashlight in his hand.

"It's in the hydro-electric generator," Lute said.

"Well, let's find the trouble. Thank heaven it didn't happen a few nights ago. They could have wrecked the plant in the dark."

The trouble, when Lute had pattered it out of the gloom and gone to it with uncanny accuracy, proved to be nothing more serious than a sheared key on the upright shaft of the generator, but it was necessary to hoist the giant armature on its spindle in order to effect the repair, and the sky was crimsoning in the east when the machine once more took up its burden.

Snatching a few hours sleep, Harmon hurried back to his task, his promise forgotten, and not until the next day, when Lute came hurrying into the office with a bit of timber in his hands, did he recall that he had intended to send Joe up the river to reconnoitre.

"Where the blazes did this come from?" Lute asked, his new teeth clacking like castanets in his excitement. "I raked it out of the rack in front of the flume. There's a lot of chips and sawdust in the water. Where's it coming from?"

HARMON'S startled eyes surveyed the billet of wood in the mechanic's hands. Dripping water and discolored by its contact with the shores where it had worked its way round many a bend in the river, it yet bore evidence of being freshly hewn.

"I don't know," Harmon replied, even as the memory of the lawyer's warning and his own delinquency arose to fill him with apprehension, "but I'm going to find out."

He seized his hat, paused to give a few instructions to the head bookkeeper, then hurried out in search of Joe. Twenty minutes later they were on the river, the Indian in the stern of the canoe, while Kent knelt in the bow, his eyes staring straight ahead and his lips set in a thin, defiant line.

In the quiet water above the third portage they found the thing Harmon had feared. On either bank piles of new lumber gleamed while a score of men waded half submerged in the quickly moving water as they erected a crude cofferdam, the framework of which already extended halfway across the river.

He singled out the foreman instantly—a khaki-clad, rawboned giant who stood on the bank and directed the activities of the men who swarmed about their tasks.

"What's going on?" Harmon demanded truculently. "Who gave you authority to work here?"

"What authority have you to ask?" There was no trace of ill humor in the man's voice. He spoke rather with the assurance of one who definitely knew his rights and had already formulated a course of action. "Who are you?"

"I'm Kent Harmon, the manager at Rainbow Mills."

The big man favored him with a brief but comprehensive scrutiny, as though he would confirm some previously formed mental picture. "Oh, yes, I've heard of you. I'm Bill Black, and I'm building a dam across the river."

"By whose orders?"

Black laughed complacently. "On orders from the man who hired me." He seemed to find something humorous in the situation. "What are you all steamed up about? You don't own the river, do you?"

"No, but I'm operating a mill on it, and I've got to have water to run it."

"Oh, well," the other said placatingly. "You have nothing to worry about. I never saw a dam so high that water couldn't run over it."

"Or around it," Harmon supplemented. "I don't understand this. What is your purpose in building it?"

Again the big man laughed good-naturedly. "That's an easy one. My purpose is to earn the six thousand dollars they're paying me."

"But you can't build a permanent structure for that sum, or for three times as much," Harmon cried. "It will go out in the first spring freshet."

"That will be the owner's hard luck and not mine. I'm building what the contract calls for. It's none of my business."

"Well, I intend to make it mine," Harmon said, his anger blazing. "Whoever is responsible for this is doing it for a purpose, and I propose to learn what the purpose is."

"Go to it."

LEFT TO himself, Harmon fumed inwardly for a moment, then turned to his companion. "Drag the canoe out on the bank," he commanded. "We're going upstream and look round a bit."

On either side of the river there, the shores angled steeply upward, but they had travelled scarcely 200 yards upriver before the right-hand bank began to fall off abruptly, until its highest point topped the surface of the water by only a few feet.

Standing on the lowest point, Harmon looked off across the rolling land to his right. It sloped gently downward, while in its centre an elongated winding depression lay, its scarred walls and boulder-strewn floor giving the impression that it had once been a river bed. An eighth of a mile distant, through the thinning trees, a wisp of smoke lifted and hung poised in the quiet air.

"What is that?" Harmon asked of the Indian at his side. "That smoke above the trees? What makes it?"

"Boat, I think," Joe answered. "Kennebec come close here. Short portage. Five minutes, mebbe."

Harmon indicated the ground beneath his feet. "Suppose someone should dig a ditch here. Suppose they turned the water into it. What would happen?"

"She run like everything, I think," Joe said. "Good fishing then. No need rod. Walk around and pick fish up."

"I guess you are right. With a few cases of dynamite they could cut a hole through here that would turn every drop of water and leave the river as dry as Sahara. Bliss was right. That's what they intend to do. They're going to cut off our water supply."

"You no run the mill then?"

"Without water we couldn't run a sewing machine," Harmon said bitterly. "Come on. Let's get back. I must find some way to block them."

Once more in the office, he wasted no time in calling Bliss.

"They're at it," he informed the lawyer when he heard the other's voice on the wire. "They are preparing to throw a cheap wooden structure across the stream. A chap named Bill Black is in charge. Find out who he is and for whom he is working. Then get me some action in the courts. The thing is a palpable frame-up. They are putting up a temporary dam to shunt our water into the Kennebec. Get busy and slap an injunction on them at once. I'm worried."

"A little more won't hurt you then," Bliss said unfeelingly. "I've been over to see the commissioners. They have granted a permit to Nationwide Woollens to erect a dam and build a mill below the third falls on Rainbow River, approximately ten miles above you. That's the place, isn't it?"

"Yes. And you say Nationwide is behind it? That proves it is crooked. They have no intention of building a mill there. Why, there are a dozen idle plants they could pick up for almost nothing."

"That's true enough. They evidently hope to increase the number to thirteen, which would be unlucky for you. I'm not at all optimistic about securing an injunction. It would be necessary to show either an actual damage or an intent to injure you, and that can't be proved until it happens."

"But their intent is plain enough. Anyone can see that. Get the commissioners up there and let them see for themselves."

"You forget that it is Nationwide Woollens you are bucking," Bliss said exasperatingly. "It is possible you might wangle the commissioners into seeing your point of view, but I doubt it. It isn't everyone that's fool enough to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

"But there must be some loophole!" Harmon said desperately. "The thing is plain enough to see. It's a move to put us out of business."

"So it seems. There's something crooked about it. It's so crooked, in fact, that I'm inclined to think there's a bit of politics mixed up in it. It may require a lot of digging to get to the bottom of it."

"Then get busy and dig," Harmon snapped, his worry sharpening his tongue. "There must be some legal monkey wrench you can toss into the gears. It's up to you to find it."

DESPITE the inexorable rules of science, time may not always be measured by the ticking of a clock. Happiness is prone to flit away on winged hours, while impending disaster may stretch even a few moments into an eternity of waiting.

Harmon found the next few days almost endless, while the nights were a torture that he came to dread. For the first time since he had taken charge, the mill was running at its capacity, each unit merging so smoothly with the others that the effect was that of one mighty machine which roared and rumbled and whined, but spewed from its vitals ten yards of finished cloth each minute.

That this amount was slightly more than three per cent better than even his most optimistic hope should have filled him with elation, for it was a tribute to his

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thorough understanding of the business, but it only added to his suffering to realize the value of the thing he was in such imminent danger of losing. There was no slightest doubt in his mind that some sinister motive was behind the construction of the dam.

"Why don't you go into the worryin' business?" said Bradley. "You could advertise to do first-class worryin' by the day or week. I'll bet you'd make good at it. Don't get so excited. Everything is all right."

"It's all right now, but it won't be if the wheels stop turning. When you come down here some morning and find the river dry, you'll worry too."

"Well, why don't you wait and worry with me instead of getting steamed up all alone? They can't stop water runnin' down hill. It's got to flow over the top of the dam."

"Not if there's a lower point somewhere else," Harmon reminded him. "They can back it up and overflow almost every drop of it into the Kennebec."

"Then we'll sue 'em for damages. They can't get away with anything like that in this day and age."

"I'm not so sure of that," Harmon said. "You know some of the things they have done in the past. They've got away with everything but murder. We could never fight them in the courts; we'd be flat broke in less than a month."

"Then we'll go up there some night and pull the thing down," the irrepressible Englishman said. "We can fight if we have to, law or no law."

"That's the way I'm beginning to feel about it," Harmon said.

MORE THAN ever he felt like resorting to force when he received a telephone message from Eckelstein the following day.

"I'm having trouble down here," Eckelstein told him plaintively. "As if it wasn't enough to have deliveries held up these past few days—"

"But we're running again," declared Harmon. "The mill is hitting on all six. We can turn out cloth now without missing a beat."

"But I can't take it every day," Eckelstein objected. "Something has gone wrong. I'm getting cancellations. Five pieces here, twenty pieces there, thirty somewhere else. Little stuff, but it's coming in from all sides. This morning's mail hit me like a sandbag over the head."

"What's the trouble?"

"How do I know? I'll find out, but just now I'm all balled up. I can't take delivery every day with things the way they are. I've got to straighten things out first."

Harmon was appalled.

"But good grief, Eckelstein, I can't tie up finished cloth here indefinitely. You know the shoestring I'm working on. A month or so and we'll be in the clear, but everything right now depends on turning the stuff out fast and getting the money back just as fast."

"You're telling me? I'm doing the best I can at this end, Kent. Don't step down production unless I tell you. Turn out the cloth. But don't ship unless you get my say-so. I may be able to straighten this mess out in a few days, but it's a matter of getting in touch with men scattered all over the country. My distribution schedule is shot full of holes."

"I thought things were going too smoothly," groaned Harmon.

"Now, don't worry, son," advised Eckelstein. "Somebody has got wise to our sales outlet and he's cracking down. I've been more or less expecting it. The cloth has been going over well and I have lines out for a couple of big orders—thousand-piece orders. If I can land one or two of them we'll be set. Even one might tide us over. And about that sample you sent down, that new dyeing process. I showed it to a big man in the trade yesterday, and he's interested. If I can land him, our worries are over. We'll be able to get all the money we need."

"Don't let him out of your sight."

"His partner is in Europe. Won't be home until next month. So we've got to hang on somehow, Kent. I don't dare try to make a deal with anyone else, for I promised to give him first call."

Harmon took a deep breath.

"A lot of good it will do us if he comes in after we've gone bust." He told Eckelstein about the construction work that had been started up the river. Now it was Eckelstein's turn to groan.

"Like a nutcracker he squeezes us!"

Harmon was sweating when he put down the receiver. And even the optimistic and easygoing Bradley looked serious when he heard the news.

"Tryin' to surround us, huh? Too bad Holcomb pulled out. I'll bet he'd be a lot of help to us right now. He'd be able to give us plenty of advice out of the depths of his experience."

Harmon snorted. "A lot of help he'd be."

"You think I'm kidding?"

"I know you are. We've got to do something about this, Jim. You suggested taking a whack at that dam—law or no law."

Bradley grinned.

"Now you're talkin', partner. We'll go up there tomorrow and snoop around. That is—if Holcomb can't suggest something better."

HARMON took it for granted that Bradley was indulging his whimsical sense of humor in suggesting that the advice of David Holcomb should be sought in this emergency. In a manner of speaking, however, Bradley was in earnest. Now that the strike was broken, Bradley felt that Holcomb might be in an altered frame of mind. And if the founder and owner of Rainbow could be tempted to return to his office, could be induced to desert the enemy camp, the danger of water stoppage would be averted.

As long as Holcomb remained passive the construction of that dam would continue. He was the one man—aside from Daggett and the commissioners—who could stop it by raising a finger. As owner of an entire town on the river, a town that would be affected vitally by the diversion, Holcomb's voice in protest was all that would be needed. It was the fact that Holcomb had not objected that had enabled the project to get under way.

"Yep, we've got to get the old gentleman back on our side," Bradley told himself as he shaved with care that evening. "It's about time I was doing a little missionary work."

So it happened that Nancy and her father, sitting on the verandah in the twilight, were amazed to see Bradley sauntering up the walk as casually as if he were one of the family.

"Hi, folks," he beamed as he ascended the steps. Nancy managed a friendly if bewildered smile. Holcomb, blinking in haughty astonishment, cleared his throat.

"Well, how is everybody?" Bradley enquired, very much at his ease. "I've been tellin' Kent that we wasn't very neighborly. Yes, sir. Just this afternoon I said to him, 'You can stay here and figure your head off if you want to, but I'm goin' up to see those friends of ours.' I couldn't drag him out, though. He's funny that way. He said, 'You go up and take care of the social end of it, and I'll stay here and try to figure out some way to make money for 'em.' That's him all over. Give him a tough problem like that and he'll forget everything else." He beamed on his listeners, accepted the chair which Nancy indicated, leaned back, crossed his ankles and continued:

"Yes, sir, he's the boy for work—if anybody likes that kind. The only trouble with him is that he won't stay long in one place. I thought he might be contented here, but he's gettin' uneasy again." He had addressed his conversation to Holcomb, but from the corner of his eye he saw the girl stir restlessly, and decided to throw in a bit more for good measure.

"It's somethin' in his blood, I guess. Yeah, it was just yesterday he said, 'Well, Jim, it won't be long now before we can pack up and pull out of here. The business is settin' pretty, and in another week or two we can get our stakes back without hurtin' anybody. They don't need us here any more.' Oh, he's sure gettin' the restless foot again."

Holcomb unbent to the extent of removing his pince-nez, with which he thoughtfully tapped his knuckles, while Nancy sat a trifle straighter in the hammock.

"Am I to understand that he contemplates leaving?" Holcomb's dignity was succumbing to his evident surprise. "You surely don't mean that?"

"Well, I doubt if we can hold him here much longer," the Briton said cheerfully, although the glance with which he favored the other was shrewdly appraising. "It looks as though the excitement was all over. I don't know of anything that can happen now to tie us up—do you?"

If he had expected to see a betraying flicker in the man's eyes that would indicate a guilty knowledge of impending disaster, he was disappointed, for they met his with childlike innocence. In that moment he felt a sincere pity for the credulous and unworldly old man whose simple trustfulness had made him such an easy prey for the unscrupulous Daggett. He wondered what fanciful tale it was that had so blinded him to the obvious advantage which Harmon was thrusting upon him against his will.

"Yes, sir. I was sayin' to him just this afternoon that you ought to be there lookin' out for things. 'You're an efficiency man, Kent,' I said to him, 'and you're all right in gettin' these manufacturin' kinks straightened out, but you are no office man. You ain't had the experience. That's Holcomb's job. He's the man you ought to have for that.'"

The mill owner adjusted the glasses on his nose, cleared his throat and leaned forward in keen anticipation.

"Ahem! And what was his reply?"

"Oh, he agreed with me, of course," Bradley answered glibly. "He had to. He knew it was the truth. 'But I can't go up there and ask him,' he says. 'He thinks I'm tryin' to put somethin' over on him. I know he's the man for the job, but what am I goin' to do about it? My hands are tied.'"

"Hmm! Well, well!" Holcomb seemed to find ample room for thought in this disclosure. He got heavily to his feet, clasped his hands behind his back and strode across the verandah, then came back and went aimlessly down the steps and out into the garden path.

"I guess that put a bee in his bonnet," the prevaricator congratulated himself, and watched the retreating figure with the consciousness of work well done. His elation was short lived, however, for he found Nancy's cool eyes levelled accusingly upon him.

"Well?"

SHE GAVE it a rising inflection, accompanying it with a half humorous quirk of her mouth, but her eyes did not waver.

Bradley felt as self-conscious as a boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He tried to think of something flippant to say, but failed; then wisely decided to force her to lead, for the first round at least.

"Well, what?" he asked innocently. "Don't look at me in that tone of voice. I ain't stole nothin'."

Bradley fancied he could discern the faintest flicker of amusement in her eyes, but he was not sure. "You may be the world's best dyer," said Nancy, "but as a liar you are just a flop."

"Yeah, that's right," he admitted brightly. "I know it. That's why I stick to the truth."

Once more he caught the momentary flicker, but it was gone instantly. "Did Mr. Harmon send you here?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Harmon."

"Oh, you mean Kent? I don't object to you callin' him by his first name if you want to."

"Did he send you here?" The flicker was irrevocably gone now, and something far less reassuring gleamed in its place.

Bradley answered truthfully.

"Him? He'd wring my neck if he knew I was talkin' shop up here."

"Why?"

"Why? Good lord! I guess you don't know him very well! He'd do it because that's the way he's built."

"I don't understand you."

"Yeah? Well, I'm afraid you don't understand Kent either. He'd rather die than ask for help—especially from you folks—after the way you've turned against him. He's proud, Kent is. A heck of a sight prouder than I am. I'd crawl up here on my knees if I thought it would do any good—but not him. He'll do his darnedest to win, but if he's gettin' licked you won't ever hear him squawk."

"Why did you come here, Mr. Bradley?"

Bradley looked at her.

"Kent Harmon could have bust that strike wide open if he had been tough enough to close the company store. You know that. He wouldn't do it because it didn't appeal to him as a fair way of fighting. He'll fight men—but not women and kids. That's how he's so different from your boy friend Daggett." Then, disregarding her heightened color, he continued quickly. "He's liable to be up against something tougher than a strike pretty soon."

"And what is that?"

"Some men are building a dam up the river. It looks as if there won't be any water to run the mill. But that's only the half of it. Did you ever see a town without water, gal? Isn't that going to be fun for the women and kids in Rainbow? Even if it only lasts for a week or so before the health authorities wake up and step into the picture. Maybe it'll be too late by then. And if there's sickness, if anybody dies, it won't all be Daggett's fault. Your father will have to take his share of the blame because he sat by and let it happen."

Bradley pulled his hat down over one eye, gave her a hard, challenging stare and strode away.

To be Continued

Lie Detectors Unreliable

THE truth about the lie detector has been disclosed by Professor Christian A. Ruckmick of the University of Iowa, who conducted in his laboratory experiments to determine usefulness of this electric instrument often used for crime detection and for obtaining confessions from suspects.

Clever witnesses can fool the machine, Professor Ruckmick has found. But clever operators of the machine can also detect these efforts at evasion.

In the hands of an expert who understands thoroughly the workings of the human mind and who is able in interpreting the records of the lie detector to make allowances for wide natural differences between the excitability of different individuals, this technique should prove valuable for crime detection, Professor Ruckmick concluded.

But this instrument is not as reliable for purposes of identification as either facial photography or fingerprinting, he warned, and therefore is a dangerous weapon in the hands of any but competent persons.

"The situation is in the same category as are many other techniques including mental testing," Professor Ruckmick said. "Only those who can see beyond the actual scores and interpret these scores in the frame of the individual mental life are competent to pass judgment."—*Scientific American.*

Just Like a Son

Continued from page 15—Starts on page 14

be okey dokey. If you don't want to do that, you go look for another manager."

I says, "Now, Hammerhead, you know I don't want any other manager. You and me get along swell. If this Kicker Olsen is in all that trouble you say he is, I guess he needs a break. And nobody can say that I never give a guy a break when he needed it."

"That's the old stuff, Cyclone," Hammerhead says, slapping me on the back. "You just leave the brain work to me and we'll show these guys who is the champion of the world."

Now that is something I've been wondering about for a long time, seeing as how there are at least six other guys claiming to be champion of the world. But I figure that is just one of them things that Hammerhead has to worry about. And when I mentions it to him he thinks so too, so I lets it ride.

Every day after that I goes down to the Cozy Corner Eatery and talks to Myrtle while I have a snack of hamburger. The more I see of her the more I think what a swell girl she is. I figure that ma will like her swell too, in spite of she is kinda undersized compared to ma and sister Annabelle.

I bring up the question of Kicker Olsen once, but when I mentions him Myrtle only says, "Ah, yes, dear little brother Oscar. You know, Paul Bunyan, I'm beginning to wonder about that boy. I am indeed." And she has a kind of far away look in her eye as she says it, and I think that after all she was just kidding about her stepbrother that other day.

So I drops all mention of him on account of I want to stand in right with Myrtle. After I sees her a few times I get a picture of her on a farm out West, pushing a cultivator in the garden, or maybe plowing the lower meadow the way ma used to do when pa is working in the sawmill, with five or six kids following her up and down the furrows.

So we do not talk about brother Oscar any more, but just about ourselves and the things we like. And I find that Myrtle has been raised on a farm and has got ideas about getting her feet back in the soil again. And that is swell. Because I figure that if I keep going a few years more and Hammerhead keeps on giving me forty or fifty dollars every time I wrastle, I'll be able to buy that farm.

I don't say a word about her coming to the fight either. Because I figure it might only embarrass her on account of Hammerhead already telling me that she is coming to see her brother Oscar win this fight. I know that if I see her there I'll just have to let the Kicker take the bout to make her happy, to say nothing about the five sick kids and the wife in the hospital.

So that is how it is ruling on the night of the fight. In the dressing room Hammerhead reminds me again of poor Kicker's trouble. Hammerhead tells me that Kicker has just had a call from the hospital to tell him that his dear wife is very sick indeed and will only pull through if she gets some good news like she will get if she hears her dear husband has won his match with me. Also Hammerhead adds Kicker's sister will be there at the ringside praying for her brother.

Sure enough, I see Myrtle a few rows back from the ring when I climbs through the ropes. She waves to me and I take it that she is worried about Oscar. I figures, too, that she must be sorry for the way she kidded about her brother the first day I meet her. So I waves back and smiles to let her know that everything is okey dokey and that I will let this match be decided by Kicker's very hard luck.

THEN Kicker come into the ring and I am amazed by the expression on his pan, which is not at all that of a man who is in such deep and terrible trouble. This Kicker Olsen has got such a face as you would expect to see on a guy who, if his wife is in a hospital, must have sent her there when he beat her up.

When I look across the ring at him he scowls at me, and his teeth look yellow like a cat's. And his eyes, what you can see of them where the hair sprouts down from his forehead, have no tears in them. In fact I can hardly imagine any guy who looks like Kicker Olsen crying over anything. But I figures then that I don't know everything and that I gotta leave such things to Hammerhead, who knows more about such things than I do.

Hammerhead climbs into the ring and goes over to Kicker's corner, where he examines Kicker's hands and the bandage on his wrist, and all the time he is talking to Kicker very quietly. I figure then that he is telling Kicker how sorry he is about all his terrible trouble.

Then everybody get out of the ring except me and Kicker and the referee. We shake hands, and when Kicker leaves go my hand he slaps me across the puss. And I say to myself, "What a heck of a way to treat a guy who is doing you such a good turn, you big palooka." But then I remembers about his wife in the hospital and his five sick children and I say further, "It must be that all his trouble has got him so upset that he hardly knows what he is doing."

Well, we wrastle for fifteen or twenty minutes, and I find that Kicker Olsen really has something on the ball. He is very strong for a guy who don't weigh more than two hundred. In fact I have never wrastled with any guy who had much more stuff than Kicker. When I don't put on much pressure he can do quite a job of hauling me around.

At the end of twenty minutes, while we are tugging in a referee's hold, Kicker suddenly lets go me and I see then why he is called Kicker. He slams me in the stomach with a foot like a satchel and knocks all the wind outa me, and I go flat on my back with Kicker on top of me and my shoulders are pinned to the canvas.

Of course I do not worry about losing that fall on account of I'd already promised Hammerhead to let Kicker win that one. But it just struck me that Kicker was not being very considerate, kicking me in the slats in return for me and Hammerhead being so big hearted.

When I get onto my feet, Kicker was crawling through the ropes and the crowd is booing. I figure they are booing Kicker for his dirty work, but when I stand up they are booing me. But I just tell myself that I gotta put up with it and not let them see it bothered me, and let Kicker go ahead and win because of his sick wife and children, not to speak of Myrtle, who has come to see him win.

When I get to the dressing room for my ten-minute rest between falls, Hammerhead tells me that I have done very nicely indeed and that I am surely the great guy that he always thinks I am, and that I am to take the next fall to make the bout look good, and then Kicker will win the third fall and everybody will be most happy, including me. For Hammerhead tells me the promoter is feeling so good about such a big crowd that my share for the match will be as much as seventy-five dollars.

I tell Hammerhead then that maybe we oughta let that extra twenty-five smackers go to Kicker, who must be in great need of extra money just now. But Hammerhead just give me a funny look and says, "Don't let your big heart carry you too far, Muscles. The promoter is already taking care of Kicker. He is going to slip him a hundred dollars to help him pay the hospital bill."

REG'LAR FELLERS —by Gene Byrnes

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WHY DONTCHA HIDE HIS PILLS AN' GIVE HIM KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN EVERY DAY. MY MOM DID IT TO POP!
THAT AFTERNOON
HOW ABOUT GIVIN' US A PACKAGE OF ALL-BRAN TO SEND TO OLD MAN DUFFY? HE NEEDS IT!
ALL RIGHT IF YOU REALLY WANT IT!
SOME TIME LATER
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KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
The Natural Laxative Cereal

I think then that this is most kind of the promoter, who don't look to me at all like a guy who would think of kind things to do. Indeed I have heard it said that this promoter, whose name is Jim Kiskos, would sell his mother up the river for a nickel. Which goes to show that you can never tell about guys.

When the ten minutes are up I start back for the ring with Hammerhead coming along behind me somewheres. I am no sooner through the door into the aisle when somebody grabs me and says, "You big false alarm, you, you would kid a poor country girl, wouldn't you? You who were going to do a job on little Oscar for me. Well that's the best you can do you needn't ever come around to the Cozy Corner again on account of my hamburger is honest meat and I've got scruples about who eats it."

SURE enough it is Myrtle, and her attitude surprises me very much after all the things that Hammerhead has told me. I look around for Hammerhead, but he has not come through the door yet, so I see that I have to talk to Myrtle myself.

So I says to her, "Now Myrtle, listen. I am doing just what Hammerhead told me you wanted. Aw Myrtle, I wouldn't want to disappoint you."

"Not much you wouldn't," she says very nastily. "You let me spend three bucks on a ringside seat and work myself into the jitters just to see that rat of an Oscar kick you in the stomach. Oh, no, you wouldn't want to see me disappointed."

She stops for a minute and her eyes are all red and her face is red. She goes on. "You come down to the Cozy Corner Eatery and I will slip you a couple of ounces of cyanide in your hamburger and see can you laugh that off, you big lug."

It takes me quite a while to get a word in edgeways. Myrtle is very angry and when Myrtle is angry there is very little chance for anyone in the vicinity to do much talking. But after a while I manages to tell her how badly I feel about all Kicker's troubles.

When she asks me what troubles, I tell her what Hammerhead has told me about Kicker's five children and his wife in the hospital who will probably pass out if she gets bad news like Kicker's losing his bout. And I tell her how Hammerhead tells me about Kicker's sister coming to see her brother win.

Myrtle puts her hand on her chin and stares at me like she'd never seen me before. Finally she sighs and says, "I suppose it is possible. But if anyone had ever told me I would have laughed out loud. Paul Bunyan, you may be a legend to some people. But to me you are just the world's prize sap. Oh, the depth and mystery of life! When you was born nature was just fixing up a little joke to spring on me. And now that it is sprung I hardly know how to take it. Honest, Paul Bunyan, you hadn't oughta be left out alone. Now you listen to me."

She then tells me that Kicker didn't have any wife. Also that he is so nasty and ornery that no woman in her right senses would let him remain in the same city block with her, and that the five children were, the way she put it, such stuff as dreams is made of. And further, that she personally had come to the arena to see Kicker pushed through the floor and then dragged up in the most painful manner possible. Also and still further, that she had paid three bucks to witness such happenings because Kicker had made her life very miserable indeed when she was a little girl.

All this bewildered me very much. I could not imagine how Kicker had been able to fool Hammerhead with such stories. I was just wondering about it, being more and more puzzled all the time, when I hear Hammerhead's voice.

He is standing at my elbow saying, "Well, what is this anyways? Have you taken to holding your little trysts in the aisles of the arena? Or is it that you have forgotten you have an immediate date over there where the lights are shining and the referee is waiting?"

I say to Hammerhead, "This is Myrtle, Kicker's stepsister. She is just telling me that she wants to see Kicker go through a meat grinder and that Kicker hasn't got any children nor wife either, anywhere, let alone in a hospital."

Hammerhead just says, "Oh, oh!" and starts to duck. But he was not fast enough. Myrtle hit him a slug with one hand and Hammerhead, being a little guy who don't weigh more than one hundred and sixty, bounced right into the lap of a large party in an aisle seat, who immediately bounced Hammerhead right out into the aisle again.

Then Myrtle takes me by the arm and talks to me in a very earnest manner. She says, "You climb into that ring and do a general average on that piece of bad news. When the bout is over there is going to be some more news spread around. But I don't want it sprung on little Oscar until he has had his face scrambled."

AS I CRAWLS into the ring, very much bewildered with all that I have heard, Hammerhead comes running up the aisle yelling, "Wait a minute, Cyclone! Wait a minute." And his face is very red where Myrtle hits him and he seems very excited.

It was then that Myrtle hits him again. But this time she whangs him real hard and he goes over two rows of seats, hits his head on the iron arm of a chair and goes out cold. I can see he is cold because his feet are up over the back of the seat and they hold no tremble.

Maybe it might have looked like I hit him. But that's the truth. It was Myrtle. And it all goes to show just what I am trying to tell you, that you can't believe all you see in the papers on account of these newspaper guys getting excited and writing down what they think they see.

There is great excitement about the ring. But after a while the cops come running in and get things under control, and finally the referee gives the word and we start wrestling.

Kicker makes a going for me feet first, trying to drive them into my stomach, a trick for which he is famous. But I fool him. I just crouch a little and take them on the chest where it don't hurt at all. And I have braced myself so he does not knock me over. And then I get a foot in each hand and put some pressure for a leg spread, and Kicker yells. And the crowd yells. And Myrtle has got her head under the ropes and is yelling also, so that it is all very exciting.

When I let Kicker go he lands a little on both feet. He sees Myrtle and makes a kick at her face. Then I get really mad and go to work. I try all the holds I know, which are very many, until I have Kicker very weak and wobbly. While he is in this condition I pick him up over my head and slam him to the canvas. I slam him so hard that a lot of dust flies up and gets in my eyes and I cannot see very well.

When my eyes are clear again I find that the ring is full of cops. I think that they are going to pinch me for being too rough with Kicker. Then I hear Jim Kiskos making a speech. And it is all to the effect that I am now a great hero, having single-handed and unarmed captured two armed and desperate characters.

The crowd cheered so much that Jim never did get his speech finished. But I finally gets it all, and am very much surprised that they make so much fuss about the two guys I hit with the lunch-counter stool. I am more surprised when the cops pick up Kicker Olsen and cart him away. For it seems that Kicker has planned the whole thing, knowing that his stepsister has a hundred and fifty bucks to pay the landlord, and tipping off the three tough boys to stick up her joint.

It seems, further, that when the two guys finally come to in the hospital they are softened up to such an extent that they tell the whole story. And now I am told that the little runt with the gun is known as "Happy" Flynn and is wanted here and there for various reasons.

It is all so confusing that I look for Hammerhead to explain it all to me. But there is no Hammerhead to be seen. Afterward I find out that Hammerhead has disappeared completely because of several tough citizens who are looking for him, figuring that he has double-crossed them when the Kicker loses.

This is the real story, which is not the one the newspaper guys got. It is all of it, except that Myrtle and me get married and closed up the Cozy Corner Eatery. Myrtle is now my manager, and when I ask her if she misses her old business she only says, "How could I, Paul Bunyan? Ain't I still dealing in hamburger, only it is much rawer than the way I used to serve it."

I might add that Myrtle doesn't hand me out forty or fifty bucks every time I wrestle. She keeps it all and only gives me what I need for pocket money. It seems that I am very fortunate in this because we have been travelling together for less than a year and Myrtle tells me that she has enough money for a couple of farms out West and that as far as she is concerned the grunt and groan racket can fold up any time.

I am now Champion of the World in two provinces and six states. When I ask Myrtle about the other places, she only says, "To heck with them as long as we are champion in the places with the biggest arenas." And maybe there is something in what she says.

But sometimes I wonder about Hammerhead. I wonder where he is and how come he is so foolish as not to make money like Myrtle does when he manages me and I am just like a son to him.

I also wonder how it is that there are so few guys with terrible troubles like there used to be in the old days. But Myrtle tells me that this is indeed the case, and that it is a much, much happier world for wrestlers than it used to be. And I know that Myrtle knows what she is talking about all the time.

Art and Elizabeth

Continued from page 11—Starts on page 10

"Did you say she was pretty?" his mother asked.

"I think so. I don't quite remember her—except that she kept her mouth open. But what has that to do with it? It's her work I want."

He got it, from time to time, each example a little better than the last, each possessing a freshness and a vitality which charmed even the more discerning of his customers. It soon became apparent that there was a definite demand for Elizabeth's work.

"I'd like much more of it," Tierce said to his secretary. "Her output is too small to be really useful. We'll have to shake her up a bit. Take a letter—no, just write and ask her to call. I'll have a talk to her."

ELIZABETH, in a new spring suit which had a flat childish collar, and a hat balancing high above her gold curls, was no less intimidated by Tierce at their second meeting than at their first. She sat very straightly and tried not to fidget with her hands, but excitement had confused her and she was so altogether lovely to look at and stupid to listen to that Tierce, after one instant of shock when he thought, "I must remember to tell mother that she is pretty," found himself talking very gently and carefully as one would to an overbright child, and not at all as he had intended to do to the presumably intelligent woman who produced the statuettes under discussion.

Under this treatment Elizabeth became almost normal. She understood, she said, and she realized her output was very small.

No, she didn't think she was particularly lazy. And since her things were selling she enjoyed doing them even more than before. It was just the difficulty of finding time, with three children to look after.

"But great heavens!" Franklin Tierce was more than shocked. He was peculiarly outraged. "You never said you were married."

Hastily Elizabeth explained, and in the explanation gave a vivid if brief picture of Greentrees and its household.

"And in this last nine months, just when I wanted time to work, everything that could happen has happened. The children had had measles, one after the other. Terry had had a broken arm. Anna had got married and no one satisfactory had taken her place. The house had been painted, though they had put that off as long as they could. So surely he saw."

But what he didn't see was why, with the talent she had, she should be wasting her time doing what any paid housekeeper could do as well and probably better. He told her this at some length, forgetting to speak gently.

Elizabeth smiled ruefully. "You sound just like Aunt Connie," she said, and as Tierce did not know Aunt Connie he was not injured. He was, indeed, rather grateful for the interpolation because their relationship was thereby put on an acceptable footing. And that there would be a relationship a little less formal than the situation really demanded had become plain as the interview progressed. He had already wasted an hour on her, he was more interested in her than he had ever been in better sculptors and prettier girls, he was exasperated, he was annoyed by her obstinacy, and he had a wholly unbusinesslike desire to wait and watch for the faint quiver of her red mouth which seemed to prelude all her statements.

Well, if all that made him seem like her Aunt Connie, good! That was the best possible way for him to seem. He had long ago made a rule never to mix business with pleasure. It was a good rule. Still, without departing from the role of an Aunt Connie, he supposed he could ask her to have tea. After all, she would have that long train journey, and you could call it business.

He was saved from this somewhat indecisive moment by a knock on the door and the entrance of a young man who was quite as impatient as he looked.

"Sorry to rush in on you, Franklin, but I've seen all I can bear of your door mat. It's nothing private and I'm rushed. I only want two minutes, if you don't mind."

Oddly enough, Tierce did mind. He attended to the young man's business and he introduced him to the expectant Elizabeth with a bare civility.

"This is one Roger Brown, Miss Edwards. He paints. If you produced his quantity and your own quality you'd get somewhere."

Roger Brown pondered that. "There's something there I don't quite like, I think. However—" His smile was delightful. He was untidy, but appeared brightly clean because his complexion was clear and his teeth so white. Elizabeth began to be excited again.

"Miss Edwards is one of our newest and brightest, Roger. Her work is selling the way I'd like yours to sell," Franklin Tierce said, and the young man bent a thoughtful look on Elizabeth.

"If she was any newer her feathers would be damp," he said, "but I'd have thought she would have found work to be superfluous."

"She does," Tierce said, suddenly rude. "I've been trying to knock some sense into her."

Roger Brown looked swiftly at Tierce, then grinned at a joke which he was not apparently inclined to share. However, he was not grinning when he turned to Elizabeth and he spoke very politely.

"It's just four o'clock, Miss Edwards. If you've nothing better to do, would you let me give you tea? Then I can talk to you about quantity and you can talk to me about quality."

"Quantity and quality of what?" said Tierce nastily. "I thought you said you were in a hurry."

"I am still in a hurry—to have tea. You know what I'm like when I'm balked of my tea."

A little later Tierce spoke very mildly to his secretary. "When I'm engaged, Miss Greene, I'd rather you didn't let people come barging in on me. It's just a whim. But try to humor me, if you can."

"I didn't think you'd mind Roger Brown. You know how impatient he gets."

"And why shouldn't I mind Brown? As a matter of fact, in this case I minded him particularly. He can't let any pretty woman alone, and a shy girl like Miss Edwards is easily embarrassed. She's not used to this kind of thing."

"Then she learns fast," Miss Greene said grimly. "She didn't look embarrassed when they passed me. She looked thrilled to death, if I know anything about it."

EVIDENTLY Miss Greene knew a great deal about it, because she had gauged Elizabeth's state of mind accurately. Though brother Terry, when he had heard the story of the afternoon, put things more mildly.

"Well, you seem to have enjoyed yourself."

"It was all heavenly, Terry. So different from anything I've experienced. Mr. Tierce has been so wonderful. I do wish I'd done more work for him. I don't think he understood when I tried to explain to him about the way things were here. You know yourself, whenever I begin to work something crops up or somebody wants me. It's not as if I were free."

The significance of her words did not at first strike her, but suddenly, noticing Terry's face, she was aware and cried out hurriedly.

"Terry darling, I didn't mean anything by that. You know I didn't. Please don't look so hurt."

Terry smiled slowly. "My dear, I'm not hurt. Why should I be? I'm merely thoughtful. The truth is, if you have this gift—as people appear to think you have—I do myself—you should be free to develop it. Aunt Connie thinks so too. She's been bombarding me ever since this thing happened. And so have all our friends. I've said nothing because I want you to do exactly as you feel yourself in the matter."

Elizabeth was moving restlessly about the room and suddenly she halted with her back to her brother.

"I don't know. I'll see how I get on. The thought of being anywhere else but here—making a real career—I don't know. It's hard to take in all at once."

But a day came when, resolute and a little pale, she announced her decision.

"It doesn't seem to be much use, Terry. It's a month now and I can't get on very far. Yesterday afternoon seemed to finish things. Just as I was really getting along and enjoying myself Robin had that attack. I know it's my fault for letting him get at the apples, but Maggie forgets everything. I've thought and thought, and I feel that unless I get right away it will always be the same. The children wouldn't go to anyone else as long as I was here. And you wouldn't—I wouldn't want you to—I couldn't just sit back and let a housekeeper do things. What I thought of doing—"

Terry was not too pleased with the plan, which was that she should take a studio in the excellent lodginghouse where Roger Brown lived, though Brown had been down to Greentrees and seemed a decent enough fellow. He appeared to do fairly well, and he was in the same line of business. There were few men for Elizabeth to meet down here, and she didn't seem to cotton on to those she did meet.

Perplexed, more than a little regretful that his sister had ever discovered her talents, Terry submitted at last, his few scruples blown away by Aunt Connie's decisive attitude.

"The very thing the child wants. It would be worse than murder to keep her here. She must get into the world, live and suffer."

"Not too much of the suffering," Terry suggested. And that was the tenor of his last talk with Elizabeth as he drove her, tearful, excited, more thrilled and more unhappy than she had ever been, to the station on the morning she left.

"If you're the slightest bit unhappy you're to come home at once. And you're not to worry about us, because you've seen this woman can look after us as well as you can."

ELIZABETH'S studio was quite small, the cheapest in the house. Its windows looked out on a brick wall. But it was quietest at the back, the landlady said.

It was very quiet. On her first evening Elizabeth, sitting alone, found herself listening to the quiet. Now and again footsteps would pass, a door would be shut, there was the distant, unobtrusive sound of traffic. The quiet was that rather of being alone behind a shut door. No one to interrupt. If John got earache, she would not know about it. If Terry wanted some missing papers, there would be no yelling up the stairs. If the boiler smoked again the servant would not be able to drag her down to attend to it. Peace and quiet. What on so many nights at Greentrees she had yearned for. Well, she had it now. She would be able really to work. Yet oddly she had not the slightest desire to work.

Her gratitude when Roger Brown knocked on her door was out of all proportion, the young man thought. But he was pleased by it.

"I'd have been here sooner, but I couldn't get away. It was a curse having that appointment on your first night here."

Then he saw that she had been crying.

"That's natural enough," he said comfortingly. "You're bound to feel lonely at first, and of course the change will put you off your work. Leave it a week or so until you're settled in."

But several weeks went by, and the little result from them began to worry her. In the mornings there were lessons and that was all right. But for the rest of

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the time. She was certainly, as Roger pointed out, making contacts. Living life, which at that stage in her career he insisted was so important to an artist, whatever his medium. And she was too impressed by his cleverness and the cleverness of his friends to ask him, as she began to ask herself, just why she should be considered to be "living life" now and to have been apparently unborn during all her previous existence. There was not much excitement in the lonely days when she looked at her brick wall, wrestled with clay which refused to come to life, went for walks through a town street which never presented anything to her except unheeding faces, or parks which had nothing so excitingly discoverable as the woods at home. And the endless parties which were gatherings in her own studio or in other studios like it, or in flats, were not so dissimilar from the ones she had been accustomed to having. There was less food and more drink, less space, shoddier surroundings, worse manners, and no gaiety at all. There was incessant talk, and she found herself wondering (late in the party when her head was aching and her eyes stinging from cigarette smoke) why so many words were needed to translate so few thoughts. And because that seemed vaguely like superiority, she decided that the trouble lay in herself, and she would listen with such concentration and effort that she became a prey for anyone with a theory to expound or a self-dramatization to indulge in.

And each night she went to bed with the consciousness of yet another failure covered by the dark on the table near the window where she worked.

She heard nothing from Franklin Tierce, nor did she expect to. She had notified him of her change of address, and had had a brief line from him to the effect that he was looking forward to getting a lot of stuff from her now.

It was to see why that was not materializing, he said, that he had come to look her up when he appeared one night, standing outside the door which she had opened to his knock. Surprise at first kept her wordless, but, more easily mistress of herself now, she asked him in, achieved a gaiety which she had been far from feeling before his entrance, and said with no hint of her momentary return to childish timidity:

"This is the mountain coming to Mahomet or something, isn't it?"

TIERCE was looking round the room, frowning.

"This is the wrong background for you. Whatever made you choose a place like this?"

He made her nervous for all her efforts to conceal it. "Roger Brown found it for me. It's all right. Not so nice as his room. There are some quite good studios in the house."

Well, she hadn't lost that adorable quaver to her mouth, anyhow.

"So Brown hangs out here too, does he?"

"I thought you knew he did. I thought he was a friend of yours."

"Is he? I suppose you could call it that. But, my good woman, I don't call on all the people with whom I have business dealings. I suppose we have his address." He was looking at her peculiarly, and his voice was grim as he said:

"Well, now that you're in an artistic atmosphere, how are things going?"

"I—I—it takes a while to settle down, I suppose. It seems rather hard work."

Tierce's laugh was a short bark.

"I thought it used to amuse you—that you did it because you enjoyed doing it."

Elizabeth was flushed. "It did; it was relaxation then. But now—well, it's different. But I have done something I've nearly finished. I was going to send it to you next week."

"Good."

"It—I think you'll like it. It's more sophisticated, Roger says. He says I'm maturing."

"The devil he does!" Tierce's tone was sharp. "Where is it? Let's have a look at it."

Elizabeth was suffering. "It's not finished," she pleaded. "You probably wouldn't—"

"My good child, don't go coy on me."

His tone stiffened her and she almost flung the covering from the group at which she had been working miserably for days. Then she stood rather rigidly, one small hand clenched.

Tierce, after some moments of silence, looked at her rather dubiously. "That's rather out of your line, isn't it? Forgive me for discouraging you, but that looks like being a bad copy of any of the multitude of twined lovers that have been turned out by sculptors since the business started. That is what you mean it to be, isn't it? A love clinch?"

Elizabeth said with dignity: "It's to be called 'Passion.'"

Tierce made a sound of disgust. "What do you know about passion? For heaven's sake, I don't want this muck. I can get this from anyone. If this is Roger's doing, I'll wring his neck!"

Maclean's Crossword Puzzle

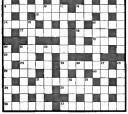
Across

1 Nazi emblem
5 Signal fire
9 This Canadian river soon goes American
12 B.C.'s most famous fruit
13 Rot; decompose
14 Cold, when it makes you ——— may get your number
16 Hollow metal implement with a tongue
17 Russian wolfhound
18 Always.
19 Creditor's right to retain property ownership till debt is paid
21 "Fools despise wisdom and ——— ———." Proverbs.
23 A skeleton is all this
24 Cause to go forward
25 A long-legged shore bird with a slender upcurved bill
29 In this way
30 Sharp-pointed missile
31 Though far-off fields look ——— The grazing may be leaner
34 Individual seats.
35 Ill-omened; subtly evil
36 Inherent power
37 Heedless of personal risk

Down

1 Time may be reckoned ——— by ———
2 Self-possession
3 Packers on portage use a ——— line
4 To make a network with needles.
6 See from afar
7 Primitive type of cannon.
8 Unfledged bird.
10 Make a noise like a fly
11 Makes the sounds of speech
12 Influence; modify
15 "Blue ——— over the Border"
16 "——— ———, let us have our mother —John."
20 A hindrance in the way of progress.
21 Many materials are sold To ——— your house from cold
22 Candles.
26 China's "——— door" is now used mainly as an exit
27 Gossip.
28 Begins to go
31 Mixture of spirit and water unsweetened
32 Africa's longest river
33 Skaters' or curlers' recreation ground.

Solution of this puzzle on page 28.



Elizabeth flared. "Why shouldn't I know about passion?"

"Why should you? I don't suppose you've ever been kissed thoroughly. At any rate you don't look it."

"Well, I have. Thoroughly and often."

"The devil you have! Yet—of course. Why not? You girls start this sort of thing in the schoolroom now, don't you? I suppose you're an old hand. Forgive my stupidity. I just thought you seemed different, that's all."

Some scorn in his tone hurt Elizabeth. She flushed more deeply.

"I've never been kissed by anyone I wanted to kiss me," she said in what was practically a sulky manner. Her head was bent and she missed Franklin's sudden intent regard.

"Did you find out you didn't want it when Roger kissed you?"

"Yes, I did. But I liked it better than any others so far."

"So!" He sprang up, losing his temper for no reason apparent to either of them. "That's what's going on. Well, it's none of my business. You can kiss all the bad painters in London. All I'm interested in is getting some decent saleable work from you occasionally. And I don't look like getting that as long as you spend your time trying to immortalize your silly little love affairs with people like Roger Brown and calling it 'Passion.' My good child, snap out of it. And now I must be going. I'm on my way to see some friends. As soon as you produce something worth while, send it along to me. You know what I want—exactly what you've been giving me."

Two days later he telephoned that he had tickets for a concert and would she care to go? She said yes, please. And her attitude when she met him was as it had been in the beginning. He gave her no apology for his previous rudeness and made no personal references. Nor did he mention work until he was leaving her, starry-eyed and grateful, on the threshold of her room.

"Work coming along?"

"It will, of course it will. It's just—getting used to being here." Her voice was overeager. "Roger says I worry too much, and that finishes me before I start."

"Nice for you to have him on hand to advise you."

"Yes, he has been wonderful."

"I don't know what we'd do without him. He's a public benefit. But you don't need Roger or anyone to advise you. You think of those funny kids and your dogs, and don't bother about what Brown or anyone else tells you."

"I see." She left him hurriedly and cried herself to sleep. And next day she sat in her uninterrupted quiet and was utterly unable to do any work at all.

A WEEK-END at Greentrees did something to restore her, and in the week following her return she produced a group which Tierce said, though not up to standard, was at least a start along the right lines. He had taken her to dinner at a small Soho restaurant and, the night being fine and warm, had suggested a walk along the Embankment.

"I think it's good for you to come out with me occasionally," he had said over the telephone. "An antidote against the kind of people you are meeting."

And again, as they leaned over the parapet watching the still black waters, he was driven by a necessity to explain himself.

"I feel in a way responsible for you. I want you to be a success, and I think you can be. Later on, when you really make a hit with something, we'll start thinking about reproductions. That will be out of my hands."

"Roger said that," she answered thoughtlessly, and the comfort which this easy talkative night had brought to Tierce was suddenly marred.

"Roger seems exceedingly efficient in his care of you," he snapped. "It's unusual. I might tell you that artists of Brown's standard are not given to helping others. Just be sure he is trying to help. So far he's done his best to spoil your work."

"Just when we seem to be getting along nicely, I always say something which irritates you. I'm sorry."

Tierce turned on her. "Why will women always translate every remark into an intimate personal one? I'm being purely detached. You don't irritate me. It's the failure of your work which irritates me."

Elizabeth broke the silence which naturally ensued. "You've been very kind. I know it must irritate you—when you thought I was really going to be of some use, and you've taken all this trouble. I will try harder. Please believe me."

"Well, then, let's forget it all for a while. I'll keep an eye on you from time to time, and you do your best."

But the next time he called at her rooms it was to find Roger Brown comfortably ensconced on her settee. There were cocoa and two cups on a tray on the floor and a tumble of dented cushions showed where Elizabeth had been lounging.

"Sitting at the feet of the master?" said Tierce unpleasantly.

He stayed ten minutes and left disgruntled. Elizabeth heard no more from him for a fortnight, but at the end of that time he telephoned. It was after six o'clock, and because he knew he was being rather a fool he said severely:

"This could well have waited until business hours, but I thought I'd give you a little encouragement while the mood's on me. I don't often encourage artists. But that last thing is good."

"It's better, isn't it?" Elizabeth's voice sounded humble.

"Much better. It's quite good. So good that I thought you must have gone home to do it. That's why I'm telephoning you at this absurd hour—to see if you're still here."

"I'm still here."

"Well, now you've nothing to worry about. Just keep on."

"But there was a special circumstance. I—well, it's nice of you to take the trouble to encourage me. But it's no good. I've found out something about myself." Her voice was certainly queer.

"You're not crying or anything, are you?" Tierce said suspiciously, and at her instant disclaimer he insisted:

"Well, you don't sound as bucked as you should."

"I'm not bucked at all." Something like a sob came very effectively over the wire. "I'm completely miserable, as a matter of fact."

The silence ended with Tierce saying curtly, "I'll come out," and the click of the receiver left them each separately surprised at their ends of the wire.

BUT FOR all the haste with which he covered the ground between his office and Elizabeth's house, he showed no hurry to enter when she opened the downstairs door to him.

He commented on her doing that, after saying he supposed there was little point in his calling at that hour, but something seemed to be the matter and it was on his way home. No trouble at all.

"At this hour there's no one about, and when I heard the bell I thought it would be you," Elizabeth said. "Besides, I've been doing odd jobs around here lately." Her voice was shaky and she did not look at him.

"Well, I may as well come up and hear all about it. That is," he added suspiciously, "if Brown isn't littered all over the room."

"No, he's gone."

"Nice that he does go sometimes," Tierce said sourly, and followed her up the stairs in a silence which he seemed to have some difficulty in breaking, even when the door of her room was shut behind them.

Awkward, acutely conscious of her reddened eyelids and swollen mouth, Elizabeth moved round the room trying to avoid his look, but at last she submitted to his plainly seeing her unhappiness and began to speak in a rush.

"It's not any good, Mr. Tierce. I'm afraid you'll be dreadfully disappointed in me, but I'm not cut out for a career. I'm not in the least like all these people I've been meeting. The only way I can do it is in between other things—just for fun, when it comes of its own accord. Taking it up seriously as I've tried—"

"Well, you've succeeded with this last one, haven't you?"

"Only because Mrs. Willoughby's daughter Annie got appendicitis," she said flatly.

"But what in the name—"

"Mrs. Willoughby's the landlady here, and she and Annie run the place between them. Annie has a baby—her husband deserted her—that's the baby I sent you! Annie's had to be away to have her appendicitis, so I've been looking after the baby and helping with the rooms. And being rushed off my feet all day like that, I was quite glad to be able to sit down and work in the evenings. It was almost like being at home again. You see, it's all plain enough. I'm just a purely ordinary person. I'll never have a career. It's been simply ghastly all these weeks with nothing to do but work and completely unable to. I've been nearly off my head with boredom. Then meeting people and listening to them talk about the way *they* do things. They all seem to know how they do it. And they make it sound so confusing and difficult. I just can't take it in. What [illegible] said to you was right. With me it's an accident, or it doesn't happen at all. And it doesn't happen often. I'm terribly ashamed."

SHE STOPPED and turned her head away and for some thoughtful moments Tierce regarded her. He sighed at last and said:

"Well, if that's the way you really feel there's no more to be said. I think you should go home. After all, why should you be unhappy?"

"Going home won't solve things. That's another thing I have to consider now. Since I've been away Terry—he's my brother—has been seeing a lot of a woman we've known a long while. She's the right sort for him and he's young. He should marry again. Aunt Connie came to see me during the week-end and told me about everything. I said I might go home and she gave me very good reasons why I shouldn't. As long as I'm there Terry won't look any farther until it would be too late and—well, I'd be doing him out of real happiness. So——" She flung out her hands in a helpless little gesture.

"So?"

"So——" Elizabeth's laugh was hysterical and ended in something like a sob. "So I might as well get married myself. I'd just been proposed to before you telephoned."

"Brown?"

"Yes."

Tierce stood up. He was breathing hard and he said grimly:

"You've been making rather a fool of me, haven't you, with all this pretty little art about your work? [illegible]

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2 GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

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TESTS BY THE IMPARTIAL PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY PROVE THAT THIS NEW KIND OF TIRE GIVES YOU QUICKER NON-SKID STOPS THAN TIRES PRICED UP TO 40% MORE!

JUST one skid is usually enough to put the fear of wet slippery roads into any motorist's heart. But here's a *new kind* of tire that makes wet weather driving *safer* than you ever dreamed possible—a tire that changes the rain-drenched road under your car from a "skid trap" to a *dry track!* It's the new Goodrich Silvertown Tire with the Life-Saver Tread!

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PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

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The powerful spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread sweep the water right and left—force it out through the deep drainage grooves. Then you have a dryer, safer road surface for the rubber to grip.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

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The Wreck of the Zephyr

Continued from page 7—Starts on page 5

which we entered. A post-office clerk would have felt himself at home there. Grasping my arm, Walton hurried me through it, led me into the engine room. I halted as I beheld its contents.

The entire power plant of the original Zephyr had been reproduced in faithful detail. The sleek 600-horsepower Diesel engine and its dynamo had been reduced to scale.

"It's hollow," Walton pointed out, rapping on its metal side with his knuckles. "But hurry, you can look over it later."

Our ultimate destination was the control room ahead. Walton waved a hand at the complete set of instruments and control levers at the engineer's seat.

"They're all dummies too," he said. "Except the speedometer, of course. You'll be amazed at our speed."

But I could no longer be amazed by anything. Absently I grasped the throttle lever, found it fixed in place. Its sharp edge scratched my hand as I turned away.

"I should have warned you about that," Walton apologized. "That lever's sharp as a knife. The casting was defective and I've neglected to file it down."

I had forgotten the scratch. I was looking at the chart overhead. It was a diagram of the railroad on Walton's island. Like similar charts in use in all modern railroads, it contained dozens of little electric light bulbs that flashed on whenever a train passed over a particular section of track. By watching the chart, it was possible to tell where each piece of rolling stock was located. The movement of the yard engine, the progress of the freight, by this time almost at the end of the island, were clearly indicated.

"Doesn't the freight carry lights?" I questioned. I had lowered my gaze, tried to spot it in the darkness.

"Of course," Walton answered, but a puzzled look clouded his face as he too failed to see the train. "I don't know why they're off," he commented. "They've never failed before."

A series of sharp clicks punctuated his sentence. I whirled.

"What was that?"

"The doors. They've automatically locked. We'll be under way any moment."

A cold chill ran like a spider down my spine. The Zephyr's windows were sealed—if anything happened to it, we'd be caught like rats in a trap. I turned on Walton and said:

"I'm not going to ride in this thing. Open the doors and let me out!"

Walton smiled.

"It's too late now."

He was right. The Zephyr moved forward.

ITS acceleration was phenomenal. My nerves tingled as stainless steel wheels clicked with increasing frequency over rail joints, sent a muffled rumble from below. The familiar clang of a warning bell droned faintly and receded as we raced across Walton's road. The speedometer arrow arched and passed the hundred-mile mark when we took the first curve.

My breath came quickly as we took that curve, the ties a faded blur in the tunnel of the Zephyr's headlight. The track was close to the cliff's edge and the drop was a sheer two hundred feet. I recited to myself the impressive statistics of the original Zephyr: capable of taking a twenty-degree curve at ninety miles an hour. This curve was much wider than that, yet . . .

Lifting my eyes to the chart, I watched the movement of the freight train at the other end of the island. We were travelling several times as fast, would reach the landward side simultaneously with it. Remembering how the Zephyr's snout had narrowly missed the freight's caboose, I turned to Walton and asked:

"Did it ever occur to you that by sending your trains in opposite directions on a single loop of track, with only a siding between them, you had created a peculiarly dangerous toy? Automatic switches aren't infallible, you know. If that switch should fail, we'd crash head-on." Glancing again at the chart, I made a rapid calculation. "We'd crash right in the middle of the tunnel!"

Walton's eyes did not waver from the track ahead. Plainly he was enjoying every second of the ride, did not wish to be bothered.

"Of course there's danger. What would be the fun in just riding around a track? But don't worry. The switch is foolproof, it can't fail."

"But the lights on the freight train failed," I snapped. No longer trying to hide my anxiety, I shot a glance at the speedometer, saw that its arrow quivered at the 110-mile mark. The chart overhead indicated that we were nearing the straightaway at the end of the island. I glued my eyes on the lights that indicated the advance of the freight at the other end.

There were three bulbs between it and the switch. A fourth would tell whether it took the siding or continued down the right of way. My heart beating with the rhythmic clicking of the whirling wheels, I watched those bulbs.

The first bulb flashed.

I thought about the little puddle of oil on the landing field.

The second bulb flashed.

The moving figure beneath the Zephyr's shed.

The third bulb flashed.

The strange failure of the freight train's lights.

The fourth bulb flashed.

Invisible hands within me clutched my heart, my lungs strangled back all power of speech. Impotent in a paralysis of terror, I turned numbly to Walton.

He, too, had seen that telltale light. His face, a white mask of fear, confirmed the evidence of my own eyes. The switch had failed—the freight was coming down the main-line ahead!

I lunged forward then, as Walton fell. His body was dead weight in my grasp, and I sensed the truth even before I lowered him to the floor. A quick touch at his wrist left no doubt. The shock had been fatal to Walton's heart. It had stopped beating.

I ROSE from the dead body of my friend, stared down at the steel rails that led to doom. I couldn't see the freight train ahead, but I knew it was there, knew it came slowly but surely to meet the Zephyr in the tunnel.

There was no escape. The doors were locked, the heavy sealed windows unbreakable. A feeling of hideous helplessness enveloped me, robbed my sweat-bathed body of strength. Groping, moving like one deadened with dope, I made my way through the engine room to the baggage-room door. My only chance was to reach that rear car, where the shock of the collision would be less.

And that chance vanished as the door refused to open, remained immovably locked. Trapped in the forward section of the car, I could not save myself from the telescoping impact of the locomotive ahead. Hardly conscious of my action, I groped forward again, clutched the dummy controls. My teeth clenched, I stood there conscious only of the machine-gun staccato of wheels clicking off rail lengths that measured off the split seconds to the end.

And then it came. The blow sent me reeling into a bottomless void. But a sound followed me into that void, the familiar sound of clicking wheels. The Zephyr, I knew, still raced over the rails—the blow had come from within!

I fought my way back to consciousness, won the battle despite the succession of blows that rained upon me. Clutching blindly, I grasped a writhing figure, struggled desperately. I was fighting for my life—a life that could endure only a few seconds at most. Yet I fought as if those seconds were as many years.

And my fury told. Throwing all my weight forward in a desperate lunge, I sent the figure toppling backward. Alert, I tensed for the countercharge. It did not come. The figure was limp in my hands. Leaping warily backward, I saw why.

My assailant had been tripped by the dead body of Walton on the floor. His head had struck the sharp throttle lever, impaled itself there. His eyes were glazed with death.

Then I, too, faced death. Through the Zephyr's windshield I saw the gaping mouth of the tunnel, heard the crack of the air as the train roared into it at a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour.

WE STOOD watching the removal of the wreckage, the officer from the coast guard and myself. He was a very sensible matter-of-fact man, and it had been a tedious task making him understand just what Walton had done on this island. From time to time he shook his head.

"You should consider yourself the luckiest man in the world," he said solemnly. "It's a miracle they aren't digging for you too."

I nodded.

"Yes. It was just dumb luck."

The coast guard officer licked the flap of a manila envelope and sealed it.

"My report will explain everything," he said. "But you will be asked to appear at the inquest. A mere formality, of course."

"Of course."

We shook hands, and the officer, still wagging his head, walked to the plane. I continued to watch the removal of the wreckage from the collapsed tunnel. Inwardly I congratulated myself. The coast guard man had not suspected that I had wrecked the Zephyr.

It had been a simple trick. I had studied the control mechanism, managed to close the siding switch and send the freight train down the right of way. Its locomotive had telescoped the Zephyr's forward car. That car had contained the bodies of Walton and his murderer.

He had nearly done for me, too, that murderer. When the Zephyr had entered the tunnel, my own heart had stopped beating. But it had beat again as the Zephyr emerged.

I realized the truth. The track chart had lied. The switch had not failed—the freight was safely on the siding! In a flash I understood the murderer's plan.

It had been remarkably simple. The murderer had extinguished the freight train's lights, forcing Walton to rely entirely on the track chart. By crossing the chart's wires he had led Walton to think the freight would crash head-on. He had well known that Walton's heart could not survive the shock.

An examination of Walton's body would show that he had died a natural death. The plan would have succeeded but for one thing.

My visit to the island had not been counted on. Realizing that I would discover the crossed wires, guess the truth, the murderer had hidden in the hollow Diesel, determined to commit a second murder to prevent exposure of the first.

Now he lay with his victim in the wreckage of the two trains.

I had wrecked them as they made their next circuit of the island. When the pilot of the plane chartered by the murderer returned to pick him up, I had summoned the coast guard authorities.

I had taken some risk concealing the truth. There was a chance someone might question my story that by dumb luck I had remained behind when the Zephyr made its fatal run.

But I felt that I owed that much to Walton. He was a splendid fellow, a good friend, and it would have been a shame to let it be known that he had been murdered by his own son.

Solution of the crossword puzzle on page 28

S	W	A	S	T	I	K	A	■	B	E	A	C	O	N
E	■	P	■	U	■	N	■	■	■	S	■	U	■	E
C	O	L	U	M	B	I	A	■	A	P	P	L	E	S
O	■	O	■	P	U	T	R	E	F	Y	■	V	■	T
N	U	M	B	■	Z	■	T	■	F	■	B	E	L	L
D	■	B	O	R	Z	O	I	■	E	V	E	R	■	I
■	■	■	N	■	■	■	C	■	C	■	L	I	E	N
O	■	I	N	S	T	R	U	C	T	I	O	N	■	G
B	O	N	E	■	A	■	L	■	■	■	V	■	■	■
S	■	S	T	O	P	■	A	V	O	C	E	T	■	S
T	H	U	S	■	E	■	T	■	P	■	D	A	R	T
A	■	L	■	G	R	E	E	N	E	R	■	T	■	A
C	H	A	I	R	S	■	S	I	N	I	S	T	E	R
L	■	T	■	O	■	■	■	L	■	N	■	L	■	T
E	N	E	R	G	Y	■	R	E	C	K	L	E	S	S

The awkward cargo ready for loading.

Delivered As Ordered

By EDWARD GREEN

Emergency job of air freighting demonstrates airplane's usefulness

ON THE morning of April 7, 1938, officials of the Central Patricia Gold Mines at Pickle Lake, Ontario, 130 miles from a railroad, gathered to discuss a very important question. One of the ball mills used for crushing gold ore had broken down, and unless new parts were fitted at once, gold production would fall fifty per cent.

The necessary parts were at Hudson, Ontario, but 130 miles of soft ice and melting snow made road and lake conditions hazardous. The spring breakup was at hand and if the mill unit wasn't brought in at once the situation would be serious for at least three months. An urgent request was at once telegraphed to the Winnipeg office of Canadian Airways Ltd., asking that the largest plane they had be dispatched to Hudson to handle the unit.

Enquiry revealed that the unit was a steel disk, six feet in diameter and six inches in thickness with a large boss projecting from one side. Its weight was 2,100 pounds, slightly more than a ton. In addition there were two ball bearings for the unit, each weighing 300 pounds, making a total load of 2,700 pounds.

The actual weight involved was a small matter so far as flying it was concerned. But its size and shape were another thing altogether. The only aircraft in Canada capable of handling this load was at Yellowknife, 1,500 miles away in the heart of a wilderness on the shores of Great Slave Lake, where it had been used to transport 250 tons of mining machinery in to the new strikes at Goldfields.

A Significant First

AT THURSDAY noon on April 7 the ground radio facilities of Canadian Airways went into action. Stewart McRorie, pilot of the huge Junkers, CF-ARM, known as "The Flying Box Car" because of its great freight capacity, was contacted and ordered to proceed at once to Hudson, Ontario. In less than twenty minutes after the contract was taken in Winnipeg, the pilot of the ship at Yellowknife was getting his orders.

McRorie, with his crew, Rod Gratton and Dick Siebert, hopped off at once.

Meantime, the crew of the Patricia Transportation Company at Hudson were building a loading ramp to handle the huge unit. Not for a moment did they doubt that the big Junkers would swoop down from the skies to pick up its load. At Pickle Lake another crew were also building an unloading ramp on the ice. At 3 p.m. on April 9, the Junkers came in for a smooth landing at Hudson, having travelled 1,500 miles out of the wilderness.

But the handling of the unit in the ship still had to be considered. A frame had to be built to accommodate it, as it could be loaded only at an angle. This was done and the heavy piece was skidded aboard and fastened in place by heavy braces. One hour and forty minutes of flight and the unit, together with its bearings, was at Pickle Lake. The big Junkers then returned to Winnipeg.

At 4 p.m. on April 10, the unit went into operation. The entire episode had taken less than seventy-two hours.

In the North they believe in getting things done. And quite evidently they know how to get things done.

2,700-pound load braced in cabin of plane.

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GET THIS!

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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"Alky" Racket

Continued from page 8

The smugglers take big risks. They have to. If they are caught, fines are stiff, with a fair chance of a jail sentence on top. Some of the more greatly daring have been known to roar right through Canadian Customs stations at seventy or eighty miles an hour. Here is a case history taken from the annual report of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for 1937:

In the case of one smuggler by the name of Joseph Messier we were able to lay nine different charges to which he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to fines totalling $1,600, which fines were paid. In addition, the load of alcohol and a new car were confiscated. Bootleggers of the type of Messier are very expert drivers and travel in the latest model cars, which are specially sprung to take loads of from 150 to 200 gallons. These men will take any risk and usually travel at the rate of from sixty to seventy miles an hour even if they are not being chased.

Once caught, an alky runner is unlikely to take a chance on a second capture. He is glad to pay his fine and get out of Canada as fast as possible, because a second conviction means a jail sentence without the option of a fine. Once in a while the Mounties will land a man they know to be a Big Shot, but most of the automobile smugglers are merely employees of some higher-up racketeer who pays them anywhere from $25 up to drive a load fifty miles into Montreal. The Mounties have their own name for these drivers. They call them monkeys.

The alky runners use spotters extensively to keep them informed of the probable movements of the R.C.M.P. patrols. They are cagey about the men they select for this nefarious employment since they have to be certain that their hired spies will not right-about face and squeal on the smugglers. In most instances they depend upon the creed of the racketeer everywhere—Money talks. Once they have located a likely spotter on the Canadian side of the border they hold out to him the lure of easy money. Each time he answers a telephone call he is to get a ten-spot for his trouble. When the call comes, he simply has to tell the man at the other end of the line whether or not the Preventive patrol is operating in his neighborhood. If the answer is "No," it will not be long before a high-powered car is thundering along the highway with its 200-gallon load of illicit alky bound for Montreal.

Automobiles used by alcohol runners go through all sorts of reconstruction in addition to the special springing noted in the R.C.M.P. report. A common trick is to remove the rear seat from a sedan to accommodate the cans, pack them snugly and cover the whole with a black tarpaulin. Cans may be of two-and-a-half or five-gallon capacity, but the five-gallon can is usual in highway smuggling. The smaller one is easier to handle when power boats are used. Alky runners prefer to attempt the border crossing between the hours of three and seven in the morning, and most of the Preventive patrol work is done after midnight.

Experience has taught the Mounties quickly to mark down a smuggler's car. They get suspicious of automobiles travelling at high speeds over back roads. Heavily loaded, the alky car rides low and develops a wide sway, especially on the curves. The drivers themselves are after a time easily recognizable. Prison men usually are.

Most of the illicit alcohol brought into Canada from the United States travels by automobile. Some years ago airplanes were used extensively, but a close watch on possible landing fields by the Mounties and the difficulty of getting hold of pilots willing to risk their lives and their licenses in the racket have combined to eliminate this method as impracticable. At times the railroads have been fooled into transporting alky over their lines in oil tanks for which fraudulent bills of lading were supplied, but a couple of seizures and a flock of heavy fines stopped that cumbersome and dangerous method.

The business is seasonal and right now is at its peak. Only hard winter that closes the side roads to traffic can halt it completely. From spring until late fall there is a more or less continuous flow. June, July and August are active months in the traffic and it always picks up again in October just before the first snows come.

Gun Fights Not Uncommon

R.C.M.P. patrols have developed considerable cunning of their own to combat the alky runners, and some of their methods are of necessity pretty drastic. Gun fights are not uncommon when some desperate smuggler defies orders to halt with the Mounties shooting the tires off the speeding alky carrier. There have been casualties on both sides. Pete Colombe of Plattsburg, N.Y., an alky driver, was shot in the leg after he had driven his car full speed at a group of R.C.M.P. officers who had barred his progress. Corporal J. W. Furlong, of St. Jean, Que., was knocked down and injured, but Colombe's car turned turtle and the smuggler was caught and convicted. Constable Dubard of Lacolle, Que., was hit by an alky car and suffered three fractured ribs. That car got away. Last October a smuggler named Beardway was shot and severely wounded by Constable Maloney, of Clarenceville, Que., as he tried to run through an R.C.M.P. blockade on a New York-Montreal highway. Collisions between police cars and smugglers' automobiles are not infrequent.

After several experiments with road-blocking devices, the R.C.M.P. patrols have developed an effective method which is successful nine times out of ten. They call it spiking. Into a heavy plank they drive a number of thick sharp-pointed spikes. At the approach of a car known to be carrying alky, the police car is drawn up on one side of the crown of the road. Across the open side the spiked plank is laid, spikes upward. If the car obeys the police command to pull up, well and good. But, should the driver attempt to make a break for it, he has to drive over the sharp points of the exposed spikes, which are certain to puncture all four tires. He cannot go very far in safety running on the rims.

A spiked board is six inches wide and the spikes are three inches long. One R.C.M.P. legend has it that the idea was developed from a study of pictures of Indian fakirs, lying on similarly spiked boards to demonstrate their immunity to pain. Wherever it came from, the spikes have proved an effective deterrent to desperate alky runners attempting to escape from a police trap at seventy-five miles an hour.

As a defense against the spike board trap, some of the more daring runners have had recourse to a sensationally daring driving manoeuvre, occasionally successful but always attempted at the risk of the driver's life. Once they recognize the danger ahead of them—as they often do—they make a quick turnabout and head back for the border. On a gravel road at a speed of sixty miles an hour this bit of trickery calls for plenty of nerve, but the alky drivers attempt it and sometimes they get away with it. A sudden application of the brakes will swing the heavily loaded car completely around in a wide skid so that it faces toward the border. With the engine in second and the motor racing, they are ready for a quick pick-up at around forty miles an hour, sufficient speed to give them a fast start on the Mounties.

The alky runners do not hesitate to resort to bribery and threats in protection of their trade. It is common knowledge among the patrols that farmers on both sides of the border assist the smugglers in devious ways in return for either money or protection. The 1937 report, quoted previously, states that: "The bootleggers are also greatly assisted by local farmers who will keep them advised of the movements of our patrols, and who will allow them to hide their cars in their barns."

It would not be fair to blame the conniving agriculturalists too severely. The attraction of easy money is in many cases of less concern to them than the threats of damage to their property, crops and livestock should they refuse co-operation. It often happens that officers of the Preventive Service will approach a border country farmer known to be assisting alky runners with an offer of payment for information concerning their movements. In some cases as high as twenty-five per cent of the fine has been offered. The reply is almost always the same: "D'you think I want my barns burned?"

There can be no such thing as a stable price for smuggled alcohol, and the comparative success or failure of the Preventive Service's efforts to smother the traffic is at all times a powerful factor. Two years ago, at the beginning of the summer of 1936, the police report says, the bootleggers were having the best of the struggle for a time. Two-and-a-half gallon cans of illicit alcohol were then selling in Quebec for $12, or about $5 a gallon. Intensive efforts by the Mounties cut down the supply drastically, and before the summer was over the price had risen to between $18 and $20 a can, or $8 a gallon. But even at that figure there is plenty of room for a profit to the alky racketeer, since legal alcohol is priced in the liquor stores at something like $12 a gallon, which would make it $30 for a two-and-a-half gallon can.

Illicit Stills

THERE IS no rest for the Preventive Service. When they are not running down alky smugglers who shoot the stuff across the border, they have to hunt out illicit stills which have a habit of cropping up in the most unlikely places, some of them large, well-organized alcohol plants of commercial proportions. In April of this year the Mounties seized and destroyed a still with a capacity of 500 gallons in the rear of a bakery in Rosemount, an industrial residential suburb of Montreal. The equipment and construction cost of such a plant runs to around $50,000, a considerable investment in a risky, illegal enterprise, but the police figure that a still of that size would pay for itself in a month's operation. In the Montreal area other equally astonishing evidences of the huge proportions to which this traffic has grown have been uncovered during the last year. One illicit still, running full blast, was found in a vacant house at Montreal West, a high-class residential district where most of the people own their own homes. Another was discovered in Outremont, another residential suburb. That one was disguised as a lumber yard, with a front office, stacks of lumber drying out and a big sign across the front. In and around Montreal other important still seizures have been made at Pont David, Ville La Salle, on Clarke Street, and at Ste. Agathe and Ste. Sophie in the Laurentians. Most of the alky sold in the Middle West is either made in or smuggled through Winnipeg. A few months ago the R.C.M.P. raided premises operating under the name of an oil refining company in that city and demolished another $50,000 alky plant. Another one with a capacity of 1,000 gallons daily was found in a grain elevator. In addition to these large-scale operations dozens of illicit stills are discovered and demolished every month, hidden in basements, outhouses and barns, but these are comparatively small potatoes.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police have every reason to be proud of their record of alcohol and still seizures since they took over the duties of the Preventive Service four years ago. Their higher officers are not so well pleased with their record of convictions. There can be no doubt that the alky business in Canada is a highly organized racket, and there can be no doubt that it is being financed and controlled by wealthy racketeers whose headquarters are in the United States. But capture of individual smugglers or of illicit stills does not mean tracing the illegal business to its real source. Drivers or agents are only underlings in the racket and the men picked up in a raid on a still are never anything more. In the case of the Montreal West raid the only individual caught was a woman who said she had been hired merely as a caretaker, although the house had been gutted to its bare walls to make way for the elaborate distilling plant. Often too R.C.M.P. officials find fines have been inadequate and some cases have been dismissed on technicalities.

It is for this reason that the Mounties have recently attempted to establish charges of conspiracy to defraud, in addition to the lesser charges of owning, selling or manufacturing illicit alcohol. On the conspiracy count the police have greater scope for questioning and unearthing leading evidence. This procedure was adopted by the United States Federal authorities in the prosecution of prohibition violations during the period of the Eighteenth Amendment, and it has been successfully employed by the Preventive Service in Canada in uncovering drug and silk-smuggling rings with their roots across the border.

London Letter

Continued from page 13

used as a pawn to get Dr. Schuschnigg out and now looks on while Reich Commissioner Bürckel, the strong man from Germany, directs the assimilation of the State into the Reich. But the man I wanted to see was the *Burgomaster*, Doctor Neubacher, who was the original leader of the "one German people" party in Austria, who had spent eighteen months in prison without trial at the insistence of Schuschnigg, and who had been appointed mayor of Vienna to carry out the Nazi program.

I telephoned for an appointment, which was almost immediately granted. From the beginning of this trip I received nothing but courtesy from German State officials.

The city hall of Vienna was filled with young Brown Shirts who sprang to attention on every side and shot their arms out in the Fascist salute. Their keenness was almost pathetic. The whole business was like a new military toy to them and they were playing soldiers for all they were worth.

The approach to the *Burgomeister's* innermost sanctum is through a series of rooms, in each of which the visitor is detained for a few moments. Uniformed men went swiftly in and out, saluting, bowing, barking "*Heil Hitler!*" to each other. Every now and then an older Brown Shirt would emerge with a coarse, sullen face and make his way out quietly. One felt that there was dirty work afoot and that he had no time for the military trimmings of heel clicking and saluting.

I was wondering what it all reminded me of when suddenly I remembered. It was like Scarpia's anteroom in the opera of "Tosca" when the dictator's gangsters are waiting for their orders.

The more surprise therefore to be introduced at last to the *Burgomeister* and to find a kindly personality in ordinary business dress with humorous twinkling eyes that inspired complete confidence at once. He expressed his pleasure that a Member of the British House of Commons should call to see him and then asked me to discuss quite frankly anything I desired. There then began a dialogue on these lines:

"Will you tell me where Dr. Schuschnigg is?"

"Certainly. He is in Vienna. He is no longer at Belvedere Palace."

"Is it true that he is at the hotel occupied by the secret police?"

"Possibly—but he is in a private room."

"He is not married yet?"

"No. He would like to marry the Baroness Fugger von Babenhausen, but it has not happened."

"Will Dr. Schuschnigg be put on trial?"

"That is not for me to say. Berlin will decide."

"How long will it take before Austria and Germany become one in spirit? It seems to many of us a very strange mixture."

"Germany has always been a strange mixture. The Saxons and Prussians and Bavarians are very dissimilar, but they are all part of the Reich. Austria will fit in just as naturally, and perhaps we will be of great help to the German nation. The people who live in central Germany seldom meet any other nationalities, and they perhaps do not understand the outside world too well. In Austria we have always dealt with all the nations—sometimes to our disadvantage—but to the increase of our knowledge of the world."

His telephone rang. Excusing himself, he took off the receiver. "*Heil Hitler!*" he said, and then spoke in rapid German. At the end he repeated "*Heil Hitler!*" and came back with apologies to where I was sitting.

"There is one question, Herr Burgomeister, that I want to ask you, but perhaps you will not care to answer it. Have there been serious outrages of violence against the Jews since the *Anschluss*?"

He hesitated for a moment or two and then looked straight at me. "Yes," he said. "We cannot deny it."

"I am sure you will forgive my frankness," I said, "but in Britain we look upon the persecution of the Jews with horror. It stands against hopes of an understanding between our two countries."

"That is too bad," he answered. "I must tell you that I do not like the outrages against the Jews. But it is not right to say that they were committed by the real German or Austrian Nazis. It is not the best element that rushes into the streets at the outbreak of a revolution. It was so in the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution. So it was with our revolution here of a few weeks past. Many people became Nazis only on the day when the German troops marched into Austria. Now we severely punish any outrages against the Jews."

It seemed discourteous to press the subject further, but there was one question I wanted to ask.

"Is it your intention," I enquired, "to enforce the Nuremberg decree that any Aryan in Austria married to a Jewess must divorce her?"

"That is not quite accurate," he answered. "Any German working for the State must do so. But of course he can give up working for the State and no divorce is necessary."

It seemed incredible that such words could come from a man of such obvious humanity. To dissemble the point as to

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There's DANGER in that Crack between your toes—Drench it at once!

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DIRECTIONS: Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength freely every night and morning. For supplementary treatment, place cotton saturated with one part Absorbine Jr. and three parts water between the toes or other affected part and lightly bandage. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

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whether or not one worked for the State was simply an attempt to cloak the savagery of the whole thing. What other employer is there in Germany but the State?"

"Supposing," I said, "that a young German comes to you and tells you that his Jewish wife whom he dearly loves is going to have a baby. Would you order him to divorce her?"

The smile left his eyes, and one could feel the struggle between human decency and political policy.

"We do not believe," he said, "that the mixture of Jew and German will make a good race. It may seem hard but that is what we think. Therefore I would advise the divorce."

Back to the Dark Ages

I WALKED back to my hotel more sick at heart than at any time since my arrival in the new Germany. National-Socialism had turned back the calendar to the Dark Ages, and let loose over Europe once more the elemental brutality of Jew baiting.

As I passed the splendid entrance to the Parliament Buildings I saw two sentries with steel helmets and bayonets on guard. It is no longer a parliament but a headquarters for the German military governor. On the streets hundreds of young soldiers strolled along, orderly and tactful. Now and then a dispatch rider on a motorcycle tore through the traffic. The Viennese drank their beer, indifferent to the scene. The placarded pictures of Hitler were looking shabby, as if the rain and the wind had failed to show a proper respect.

In thousands of Jewish homes families were cowering, waiting for the dreaded footsteps of their persecutors. There had been over 2,000 arrests the day before. Doctors, musicians, journalists, were being rounded up to be sent to Germany to work with unemployed gangs.

I stopped at a bookstall to get something to read. Two publications were given pride of place—the first a record of Herr Hitler's triumphant entry into Austria, the other a present-day history of the curse of Jewry upon civilization. Nothing of the photographer's art was spared to make the Hitler volume impressive. Nothing of photographic crudity was spared to show the Jew as a bestial, contemptible animal.

In the hotel I found a young British foreign correspondent waiting to see me. In the empty lounge a dreary orchestra was playing the "Blue Danube." I asked the journalist if he was sending any news.

"Things have rather dried up," he said. "There are a lot more Jewish suicides, but none of them are well-known people and I don't think London wants that kind of news very much."

The violinist reached the end of the "Blue Danube." With an attempt at sentiment he began "*Wien, Wien, nur du allein*"—*Wien, Wien, mein liebes Wien.*

I Don't Like Amazon Athletes

Continued from page 9

sweetly feminine and nice and sweet and frilly?) can be much good at the more robust forms of athletics. Those girls who excel in them very frequently look extremely unfeminine. Take the Galloping Ace, for instance—I'm not naming names but I'm thinking of one of the recent top-liners of sprinting—which is possibly the least revolting, at that, of the more strenuous sports indulged in by girls. And when I say take the Galloping Ace I mean you take her. I'll take a cup of coffee. She can run 100 yards in better than eleven seconds, as indeed can many a schoolboy. Not that there's any sense comparing men and women on an athletic basis, for there isn't any comparison. But Ace is a big, lanky, flat-chested, muscular girl with as much sex appeal as grandmother's old sewing machine that we stuck up in the back of the attic. The sewing-machine and Ace both run well. So what?

I've seen some really pretty girl runners, at least they were pretty when they weren't contorting their comely faces out on the cinder track. There's Hilda Strike, for instance, and Myrtle Cook, and the little Halifax schoolmarm, Aileen Meagher, who has the muscled legs of a male sprinter but who is so feminine by instinct that she wears a bit of frilliness about her clothes out on the track. But my point is that these girls never could whip the big, masculine, flat-chested, leather-limbed and horselike-looking start of the game—stars in point of speed. Many nice things were written of the pulchritude of the girls who made up the last Canadian Olympic team. Those pressing the case for girls' sport laid some great emphasis on the beauty of the team, emphasis which was well deserved, for they were a lot of beauties. But they didn't win anything. Beauty and success in girls' track and field sports don't go together so well. All of which goes to prove that a certain degree of masculinity is necessary to complete success in the realm of Violent Sports for Girls. And who wants masculinity in our girls?

Unhealthy Competition

I SAID I'm your pal, girls, in the matter of sports activities, a real pal, because I'm advising you to stick to those sports in which you compete with a minimum of strain, a maximum of grace, beauty and rhythm; the sports in which you can compete with pleasure and success and still retain essential femininity, which includes no grime on your face. I mean speed and figure skating, tennis, golf, swimming and a few more in which neither grace nor dignity is sacrificed to face-straining and belabored effort.

It's for health too. Amateur sport in Canada to my mind knows no more sincere and diligent advocate than Dr. A. S. Lamb of the Department of Physical Education at McGill University. The good doctor is another of the little heckled band (I mean the girl sports writers continually give us the bird) opposing participation by girls in violent sports, in which he coincides with the opinions of Dr. H. M. Abrahams of London, Olympic 100-meter sprint winner of 1924. This is Dr. Lamb's sensible theory:

"There is almost universal agreement that well-directed play and recreative activities are most beneficial, particularly to our youth. Play is, however, a two-edged sword, and misdirected activities and emphasis may be quite harmful. In well-directed play, activities should be utilized which appeal to the natural interests, which harmonize with age and development, and which have inherent values in the contribution they might make to better citizenship.

"The nature and characteristics of boys and girls differ very widely, and therefore care should be taken to foster activities from which the greatest benefits might be derived.

"Nobody would wish to see a return of mid-Victorian fainting frailty and the traditional headaches of that era. There are numerous activities suitable for girls and women, without the necessity of using those types of competition which call for such intensive concentration and effort as many which are now being promoted.

"We need more, not less, activity for our girls and women, but let these be of the type that will be suitable to their physical and mental natures. Let us have more concentration upon the needy ninety per cent instead of spending our time and energies upon the highly specialized ten per cent.

"The tendency for girls to ape the activities of boys is regrettable. In most cases it is physiologically and psychologically unsound and may be definitely harmful.

"Play, recreation, competition, are just as essential for our girls as for our boys, but this must in no way be interpreted to mean that intensive competition with its excessive emotional and physical stresses is the type which should be participated in by girls and women."

That's the story, girls. The violent sports are no good for your looks, dignity or health. Occasionally some writer comes out stressing the improvements of times and distances being made in women's sports, and hints that the day is coming when they'll equal the performances of males, which is a very stupid suggestion indeed, because they never will. But they usually omit reference to one athletic event—and to my mind the one that required the greatest courage and stamina—in which a girl outdid all the men who tried it. This is the English Channel swim record established by Gertrude Ederle. She not only made the swim on rough seas, but she broke the records of all the men. It was a great feat. But today Gertrude Ederle is an almost completely deaf and almost completely crippled woman. The water that penetrated her ears caused deafness. The strain of a performance for which no woman is fundamentally suited brought on other and more serious consequences. Perhaps that's why the enthusiasts for girls' sport don't mention Gertrude very often.

Don't Be Ridiculous

DON'T get out on the same field as the men, girls, if you wish to compete in the more violent sports. The comparison may be like most other comparisons—a trifle odious. The report from the last Olympics indicated that the feats of the girl athletes were not taken seriously. "There was a note of mockery in the applause," wrote Joe Williams from Berlin of the women's events. And that sturdy critic, John E. Wray of St. Louis, penned this: "It would be better if they did not clog up the Olympic program with women's attempts at athletics, but rather abandon them or hold games for women separately. Watching the pitiful efforts of some of the girls in field events, observers were inclined to feel the same way about the matter. In each event one or two unusual specimens stood out above the rest. The grand average performance was incredibly bad."

Women say they don't wish to excel male records, and they never will, for they lack the power. And lacking power, they lack grace. The effort of a woman to struggle over five feet in the high jump is rather pitiful after you have just seen a male athlete, with the superb grace that comes from power, soar over nearly seven feet. Women lack the grace of men in all track and field sports. Their efforts are labored, heavy. Kit Klein, great speed skater, a graceful and rhythmic performer on the steel blades, thinks that most track sports make women look ridiculous. I chatted to her one day in her dressing room in a Montreal theatre. "Girls ought to stick to the things they do gracefully and without injury to bodies that never were meant for wracking, jolting sports," said Miss Klein. Of course, some of the girl writers put the blast on her, but I think she was perfectly right.

Organized sport, organized fun, for girl athletes—that's swell—I'm all in favor of it. But girls, stick to the things you do gracefully, beautifully, with rhythm, without strain—in which category you can't put sprinting, hurdling, or heaving weights or javelins. That's a tip for you, girls. It probably solves the whole mystery of man's slightly derisive and ridiculing attitude toward women in sport. The men want the girls to stay beautiful, graceful and sightly, and not tie their bodies in scrawny, sinewy knots.

Leave the rough, tough athletics to the men. For if the girls think that running and weight tossing are all right, it won't be long before they're into boxing and wrestling too. And why not? These sports are only other forms of athletics, and a few pioneers have already tried them both.

So let's close the whole argument on that terrible thought.

Troops and Troupers

Continued from page 12

1916, just before the third battle of Ypres. Part of their original success must be credited to the Y. M. C. A., which had by divers means and after considerable effort succeeded in placing a piano in a hut near a Ypres rest camp.

Toward the end of May, 1916, as the battalion was ordered to relieve the Royal Canadian Regiment in the front line, six surprised men were ordered to fall out and report to Captain Pembroke (who is now living in Orillia, Ontario). The six mystified youngsters were Jack McLaren of Toronto, T. J. Lilly of Montreal, who had done some acting in that city, Fred Fenwick, who had just finished some courses at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph when he enlisted, Stanley Morrison, of Montreal, P. D. Ham of Toronto and W. J. Cunningham, Montreal.

Now it had been the wont of these heart-ies, when on rest or in the front line, to be called upon by their comrades to get impromptu parties under way. This was usually a singsong in some muddy dugout or a rest billet. And the officers of the P. P. C. L. I. were presumably the first to recognize just what effect on morale such impromptu parties had. In the light of immediately subsequent happenings the officers had the right idea. An enemy push was scheduled, but the knowledge of this was not general, and particularly not among the rank and file.

However, the sextet trudged back to the transport line and, after reporting, learned that all they had to do was prepare a show under Captain Pembroke's supervision. Five days after the gleeful acknowledgment of this assignment, writing and rehearsals were halted. The enemy had broken through the Ypres salient; the Princess Pats had borne a heavy share of the attack, were badly cut up, and every available man was needed.

The six youngsters shouldered their rifles and other equipment, and headed up the line to rejoin their comrades. The furious German offensive continued. The Pats' casualty total mounted cruelly. Upon being relieved, the small remnant of what was left of the P. P. C. L. I. dazedly stumbled back to the rest camp at Steenvoorde.

Real Talent Uncovered

HERE, after a rest period, rehearsals were resumed, and the first performance of the Princess Pat's Comedy Company was announced for staging in the town hall. The morale of the battalion admittedly was bad. The men had come through a terrific engagement, that they had to complete a compulsory parade route march of some six kilometres from their rest billets to Steenvoorde boded no good for the six men of the line who were scheduled to present an entertainment.

Through an initial period of sullen and concerted catcalls, the audience out front indicated that they were in no mood to be amused, and inferentially dared the grease-painted warriors behind the crude acetylene footlights to make them laugh.

Meanwhile, the actors were also beginning to lose what patience they had, and began to punctuate the performance by strafing the audience with their own barrage of pungent invective. Fifteen minutes after the raising of the flimsy curtain, the audience had somewhat quietened down and was watching the stage proceedings with respectful attention.

Soon they were applauding, and at the finish they were cheering. The members of the Princess Pat's party were a hit! They had laid the foundation of that theatrical reputation which was to become C. E. F.-wide and later result in a Royal command performance at the Apollo Theatre in London.

One of the earliest difficulties experienced by all concert parties was the procuring of costumes. At first the "ladies of the ensemble" wore burlap gowns and steel helmets trimmed with bandages. The opera cloaks might be of cotton batting daubed here and there with flecks of black paint to give that ermine effect. The wigs were made of rope that patiently had been unfurled into dinky curls, or perhaps an old upholstered chair or couch would be discovered and disembowelled.

As the efforts of the concert party boys caught on, they began to write home to Canada for costume items or order them direct from London on their own initiative. Sometimes the transportation of these property effects became a problem, particularly when the strolling players were on their way up the line.

Now, according to the photographic records and certain individual admissions, some of the members who were conscripted into the concert parties of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces had faces like flounders, and it was a rare one that could have launched a rowboat, far less a thousand ships.

But military discipline was rigid, and if the order was to play the part of a girl on stage, the order was carried out, however rebellious were the matters once a superior officer was out of earshot. Should some unmannerly member of the audience be so rude as to shout, "Take her out and shoot her!" it was the privilege of the harassed one to hurl back some reflection on the parentage of the disturber.

There were others, however, who were masters of make-up. Perhaps the best known, as mentioned, were Ross Hamilton, Alan Murray, Fred Fenwick and Leonard Young. The classic story told of Hamilton, of course, deals with a young English subaltern who had just arrived in France and was the guest of a group of Canadian officers who had taken their accustomed places in the front row.

Hamilton's current song hit was "Some Day I'll Make You Love Me," and the special bit of business that always brought down the house was his directing of the song at some choleric colonel or newcomer, accompanying this with coy but fervent glances. On this particular night the visiting Englishman was the recipient.

When he paid awe-struck tribute to the charms of the "lady," the opportunity was too good to miss. Gravely, his beau pointed out that the object of his admiration was a Red Cross nurse who occasionally came down from one of the base hospitals to help out in the show. Why not send a note backstage, and perhaps he could ride back in the ambulance? Hamilton, of course, ignored the note, but the incident became more serious when flowers started being delivered backstage.

It seems the youngster was going up the line for the first time and he must have a meeting; there was so much he had to say

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Hamilton by this time was getting pretty annoyed at the turn the trick was taking and avoided all backstage meetings. Unfortunately with the dressing room situated in a hut to one side of the makeshift theatre he inadvertently ran into the young Englishman one night while still in make-up. Fortunately it was fairly dark and the quickest solution to the predicament was to whisper that he'd be right back as soon as he had changed and yes the officer could ride back in the ambulance.

After throwing his picture hat and wig into one corner of the dressing room and amid muttered curses climbing out of his gown and into the regulation khaki Hamilton slipped out through a window in the opposite side of the hut.

Big Show Business

WHEN THE real worth of the concert parties began to be recognized at headquarters it was the recommendation of General Lipsett, an R M C man later killed in a reconnoitring party by a German sniper, that divisional concert groups be established. Under this plan, concurred in by Sir Arthur Currie, twelve men of each division were to be taken out of active service and sure to devote full time to entertaining the troops. Naturally for the sake of Art, these would be the cream of battalion talent.

The parties were assembled and were dubbed as follows: First Division, the Volatiles; Second Division, the C-2's; Third Division, the Dumbells; Fourth Division, the Maple Leafs. Incidentally, under this new program all entertainment costs for the costumes and simple settings were shouldered for the duration of hostilities by the Y M C A. The shows were of course free to the troops.

Again there were no undue privileges for the players. When a respective division went up the line the troubadours went too. They took the chance of stopping a bullet with their number on it, and many of them stopped it.

Toward the latter part of 1918, the headquarters psychologists arrived at the decision that the divisional concert parties would serve a greater purpose if moved from the base hospital and rest camp areas into more advanced positions, where their effect on morale might be more valuable.

And as the boys moved farther within the enemy's artillery range. In addition the uncouth behavior of the German fliers and their lack of enthusiasm for these theatres of war continued to annoy actors and audience on the Canadian side of the lines.

By this time the divisional concert parties were staging their shows in huge marquees that seated some 1,200 men at each performance. Based on previous experiences the marquees were camouflaged but periodically they were spotted by the enemy.

More than ever the Canadian Corps was now in show business, and on a large scale. Gone were the days of haphazard collecting of costumes and stage properties. The entertainment units now travelled in lorries, and carried their own elaborate lighting plants and other cumbersome effects. Maybe some of the former glamor was escaping.

The procedure on arrival was to have a working party clear and level off the ground, erect the marquee and set up the portable stage and seats with all the precision and dispatch of an old-time circus.

Still the job was no sinecure. The boys were staging entertainments seven days and nights a week, with often two shows a night. In between, they travelled, wrote material and rehearsed.

The work however had an occasional compensation. For propaganda purposes the Dumbells of the Third Division were sent to London, where they played a week at the Victoria Palace and another at the Coliseum. The C-2 and the Second Division later followed. Members of both groups, of course, were lionized.

And so the pleasant months went on until the Armistice was signed. Then it was discovered that the concert parties must remain in France for several months after the cessation of hostilities. With thousands of men anxious to return to Canada on the first troopships, and bolstered in this determination by a job well done, the morale more than ever had to be maintained.

It was after the Armistice that the longest concert party production was ever staged. Entrepreneur of this was Captain Merton Plunkett who presented Pinafore, in which some sixty members of the four Canadian divisional parties appeared.

With the old sugar refinery at Mons converted into a theatre "Pinafore" ran for seven weeks. Later this was staged for the King of the Belgians at the Trocadero Theatre in Brussels, where it netted some 50,000 francs for a widows and orphans war relief fund.

When they returned to Canada on the tail end of demobilization the top talent of the four divisions formed themselves into a company and toured the Dominion. Their arrival and the shows that were staged became an outstanding event in the memory of thousands of civilians.

The esprit de corps so marked in France continued during the trans-Canada tours as the troupers travelled this time more luxuriously in two special railway coaches. Later interest waned as the new talking pictures came into popularity. Certain members also wanted to return to more secure careers in business and had been dropping out.

What They're Doing Now

AS A cross section of the adage that "old soldiers never die" it is interesting to detail what has happened in the intervening years to some of the former favorites who appeared behind the footlights in France.

Ross Hamilton is now a broker in Toronto. Alan Murray is the personnel director of the Sun Life Assurance Company in Montreal. Leonard Young is doing settlement work at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. Conrad Stephens is farming in the West. Tommy Young is a concert singer in England. Morley Plunkett is running a haberdashery in Orillia, Ontario. Bill Tennant is a C N R inspector. Jack McLaren has his own advertising agency in Toronto. Ted Charters and Elmer Belding are in advertising in New York. "Red" Newman owns a summer hotel up around Georgian Bay. Jimmie Good is with Famous Players Corporation at the Toronto head office. T. J. Lilly is with the Harbor Commission in Montreal. Norman Clarke owns a tannery at Barrie, Ontario. Merton W. Plunkett is with the North American Life in Toronto. W. J. Cunningham is with the Montreal *Star*. Bertram Langley has just returned from Tahiti and Charlie McLean is now living in Italy.

Letters

Says Baxter Is Biased

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for some years now and have always enjoyed Beverley Baxter's articles. However I must say I think his article "Why Eden Quit" is terribly biased. We should have the other side of the story and hear from someone else "in the know." We are all not admirers of Chamberlain.—Subscriber, Edmonton.

How Sales Tax Works Out

Your feature film, "A Day in the Life of a Taxpayer," does not tell the whole story of how indirect taxes increase the cost of living.

Take the first items mentioned: men's clothing, razors, brushes, on which the manufacturers pay eight per cent sales tax. $100 worth of such goods costs the retailer $108 if purchased direct from the manufacturer. The retailer's gross profit on such goods probably ranges from 50 to 100 per cent of cost, which includes the sales tax, so if the gross profit is 50 per cent the retail price is $108 plus $54 or $162. Without the sales tax the retail price would be $100 plus $50 or $150. The consumer pays $12 more as a result of the sales tax but the Government only collects $8 less cost of collection.

On shaving cream there is a ten per cent excise tax, then a sales tax of eight per cent on the manufacturer's sales price including the amount of excise duties. Note the tax upon a tax. The wholesaler's cost is therefore $100 plus ten per cent or $110, plus eight per cent of the total or $118.80. If the wholesaler's gross profit is ten per cent and the retailer's is twenty per cent the cost to the consumer would be $118.80 plus ten per cent or $130.68, plus twenty per cent of the total or $156.81. Without the taxes, the cost to the consumer would be $100 plus ten per cent or $110, plus twenty per cent or $132. As a result of these taxes the consumer pays $24.81 more for $132 worth of shaving cream but the Government collects only $18.80.—H. W. Muir, Ottawa.

From Organizer, Canadian Nationalist Party

In the article "Fascism in Canada" you state that I am affiliated with the Orange Order. That is not quite correct. My father and his family and all my mother's family were staunch members of the Loyal Orange Lodge of Belfast, Ireland. I was brought up as a true Orangeman with every intention of becoming a member when I had attained the age for senior membership. However after coming to Canada in 1920 and studying the details of the Canadian Order I decided against joining. I have never been a member of the Loyal Orange Order of Canada.—Joseph C. Farr, Organizer, Canadian Nationalist Party, Toronto.

Damocles Not King

Your contributor, Mr. Gordon Dustan, should do a bit more research himself before publishing his questionnaire, "Just for Fun." He gives the answer to his question, "What king sat at a feast beneath a sword suspended by a single hair?" as Damocles.

Damocles was not the king, but a courtier who for a day occupied the king's place. The king was Dionysius.—Richard Alson Fisher (age 11).

"Best You Have Printed"

Your article, "Our Future Population," by C. M. Campbell, is the best you have printed for some time. Ballyhoo and bull-feathers are all very nice, but our natural resources will not last forever at the present rate. I would very much like to see this article put into pamphlet form and well distributed.—G. L. Craddock, Big River, Sask.

Matter of Fact

By HENRY ASHBERY

Only forty policemen patrol the Northern Territory of Australia—an area of 523,620 square miles. Twice yearly a policeman may patrol an area of 40,000 square miles, acting as stock inspector, postmaster, health officer, bailiff, etc. From Bathurst Island to Alice Springs, about 1,100 miles south, from Queensland across to Western Australia, only one man has been able to commit a serious crime and so far get away with it.

★

The Union of South Africa has a white population of about two million inhabitants, and a native population of six and a half million. English and Afrikaans are the two official languages. The white population of the four provinces varies greatly between British and Dutch. Natal is roughly eighty five per cent British, while the Orange Free State is eighty five per cent Dutch. The two elements are about evenly balanced in the Cape and in the Transvaal, but the British live chiefly in the towns and the Dutch in the country.

★

Pago Pago, of the South Seas, is pronounced Pango Pango. The missionaries who reduced the Samoan tongue to writing found it hard to adapt our alphabet to Samoan speech. The native "g" as in Pago Pago is the sound of "g" in singer, almost impossible to represent without a preceding "n."

★

The Union Jack still floats on Long Island, New York. The weather vane on the steeple of Caroline Church at Brookhaven, Setauket, is cut in the form of the British flag. The church, which was built in 1720, has just been restored and every care was taken to save such Colonial features as were left, and the Union Jack vane was one of them. The communion service was given by Caroline, Queen of King George II, in 1730 and the church was called after her. The first rector to use the service was Alexander Campbell.

Ambergris, in these days of synthetic materials, has so far defied all efforts to reproduce it. Even its composition and its precise origin still remain in doubt. It is found floating in the sea or washed ashore. The biggest lumps are those taken from the stomach of the sperm whale. Though smelling disagreeably when first taken from the whale, ambergris soon gives out a fragrance which improves with age. It is valued for its power of fixing the lighter flower perfumes, with which it tones. As a basis for the choicest scents of this kind it has no substitute. It is worth its weight in gold. A writer on perfumes states that its odor is perceptible in a room at Hampton Court Palace, where it is said to have lingered for over a century, and he asserts that its own scent has been known to last for 300 years.

★

The great Danish brewery at Carlsberg, which caps a million and a half bottles of beer a day, gives its entire profits to art and science. It is not owned by an individual, has no stockholders, and its directors are members of the Royal Danish Academy of Science and Letters.

★

The late King Fuad of Egypt thought F a lucky letter, so he started the names of all his children with it. The present king is Farouk, and his four sisters are Fawziya, Faiza, Faika and Fathiya.

★

Haile Selassie has bought a house in Bath, Somerset, England. He lives there in exile with his wife, four children and three grandchildren, and is occupied in writing his autobiography in Amharic, to be translated into English. The Emperor cannot speak English but is fluent in French and (ironically) Italian. Since there is no Coptic church where he could worship, and as the religion forbids praying in the home, he has built a Coptic chapel on the grounds of his small estate.

A taste of luxury now and then is good for the soul. Oysters on the half shell—a good play—a cruise—these things make life worth while. Why not treat yourself to cool, refreshing Aqua Velva after shaving? Man, that's luxury! Keeps your skin clean, healthy. Astringent action closes pores—leaves your skin smooth, fresh and feeling like a million.
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What a Climate!

Continued from page 16

the Englishman an all-year-round raincoat wearing, umbrella bearing individual.

You Can't Have Everything

I OFTEN hear a Canadian say, "I'd love to live in Florida or some such place where they don't have winters." It certainly sounds fine, but my experience is that in those countries which are winterless the summer is unbearable. I spent a winter in the south of Spain. Very, very nice. I swam in January and sunbathed in February. But when April came along it was getting to be just a trifle too warm for comfort. By May the heat had become too much of a good thing, and I left for a milder clime.

As my train found its way out of Malaga twenty five minutes behind schedule—I got a fine view of gardeners, farmers, all and sundry literally lying down on the job. Spain's hot sun doesn't actually make the locals complain; it just makes them so tired and listless that all they have the energy to do is to answer the boss's query as to when they're going to do some work with the famous Spanish comeback, *Manana*—tomorrow.

So when Canadians are prone to criticize their climate they should bear in mind that, though the so-called perfect climates of other lands sound wonderful at a distance, the broiling sun of the south of Spain makes one feel about as energetic as a canned sardine; the New Zealander knows not the thrill of seeing formerly bare trees thick with delicately green spring leaves; only those Australians who can afford to visit the mountains have experienced the sheer beauty of bright sunlight on pure white snow, one of Canada's real winter glories; those who live in Ceylon are strangers to autumn's reds, yellows and browns.

If you think you are getting more than your fair share of rain, just remember that in Hokitika, in the South Island of New Zealand, it rains so much that I'm sure the sparrows there are born with web feet. And when the people of the Canadian prairie provinces feel that their droughts are beyond endurance, remember that in Aden, near the entrance to the Red Sea, grandfathers take their grandchildren on their knee and tell them what rain looks like.

No climate is as bad or as good as it is cracked up to be. You can't have everything. So in midwinter, when you pray that you'll win a sweepstake and be able to live in Bermuda, give a thought to the fact that at the same moment a Bermudian is probably having dreams of some day being able to play in Canada's marvellous snows!

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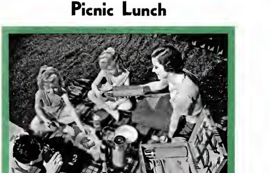
Picnic Lunch



—Photo by Milne Studios

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director, Chatelaine Institute

THERE SEEMS to be a general impression that a picnic just happens and will look after itself. Summing up all the facts of the case, however, I don't find myself in agreement.

Evidence to the contrary is the cool atmosphere in which many a picnic is held and which has nothing at all to do with the weather. Any one of several causes can throw a chill into a party. As, for instance, divided opinion over the matter of site when some pull for the spot you have just passed and others are confident the best is yet to come. You know how it is. In desperation you light on the worst of the lot, to be welcomed by the finest specimens of mosquitoes that the district provides, or chased by some member of the bovine breed which resents your red sweater.

Then there is the forgotten-salt picnic, the squashed-cake picnic, and the stuffed tomato fiasco to provoke the mind of man or woman. Damp wood and no kindling encourages free speech, and sliced onions that "smell up" the car have been known to cause a lot of eloquent sniffing. Though most people like the wide open spaces once in a while at least, they don't relish them in their sandwich. Neither do they want their fish to return to ashes before its consumption.

Yet a properly handled picnic can be an enjoyable affair. In fact, it is more suited to some dispositions than whacking a ball into bunkers. Personally, I go to the country for country, not contest.

The moral is preparedness. I don't mean to say that a spur-of-the-moment picnic isn't often a happy event, but even this requires some judgment as to company and comestibles. Know about where you are going and stick to it in spite of all the other delightful places you hear of from people who don't know the way, or give a dozen alternative routes. And take along food suited to your means of transportation as well as to your appetite and the clothes you are wearing.

I like the idea of keeping a hamper packed or partly so. If your family is addicted to sudden urges, refill your basket between each outing with containers of salt, pepper and sugar, the right number of paper plates, cups, cartons and serviettes, straws or Cellophane sippers, as much cutlery as required, thermos bottle and a bottle opener. It's good advice to extend your preparedness to the food itself as far as picnic specialties are concerned—sandwich pastes, salad dressings, pickles and relishes, canned meats and fish, grape juice and ginger ale, biscuits, and other ready-to-eats.

Some folks can never be happy anywhere without the appurtenances of comfort. They want their food—or some of it—hot, and they like everything in apple-pie order. Well, nothing is beyond the picnic hostess nowadays; you can unfold folding tables and chairs, unpack unbreakable dishes and either cook your food on the spot or carry it in containers designed to hold the temperature at either extreme. Soup, baked beans, creamed salmon or some other dish will steam profusely after hours in a vacuum jug. Contrariwise, a brick of ice cream will remain cold and shapely. If you happen to have one of those new roasters that have made their debut this year, you can cook and transport your whole meal in it. They are insulated, commodious enough for a crowd, but compact enough to go in a small space on the floor of the car.

There are those who insist on the smell as well as the results of cooking at a picnic. They do wonders with a bed of coals or a camp stove if someone has remembered to bring the matches. Some stoves, by the way, sit up on a stand, have a shield to protect the flame on a windy day, and fold up into a neat package for journeying there and back. Another space-saving and convenient item in the picnicker's kit is an extra set of pots and pans with detachable handles. Better wear the latter as pendants around your neck when they are not in use, as they seem to creep under a log if you take your eye off them.

Not from necessity but as a matter of preference, many tourists indulge in a series of picnic meals. Makes them independent of time or distance from the nearest restaurant, but requires a bit of management to carry out the program successfully. Plan your menus beforehand, collect the necessary equipment, make a list of supplies for each day and replenish as you go. Otherwise you'll find yourself with a surfeit of one thing and a famine of another.

If you travel in a trailer—and many do—stock your larder with quick-service foods in cans, bottles and packages, and supplement them en route with fresh offerings of the district. Develop a system for getting a meal on the table and "redd up" afterward. Then you will housekeep in transit in comfort.

When a lot of good fellows get together for a community picnic, someone has to do the running of it. A large affair will have its refreshment committee to plan the menu, decide who brings what, and make arrangements for the serving. Even a choir or club outing, a family reunion or a gathering of the neighbors requires an organizer at the helm. People have their limits as consumers of potato salad and devilled eggs, so it's better to have the various contributions agreed upon in advance.

Everybody does as he or she likes on a picnic—hike, fish, swim, read, laze, look for four-leafed clovers, take each other's photographs or play games according to their disposition. But all things come to an end, so finally they clean up the countryside, pack the car, collect the children, call the dog, and strike for home.

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Next time you are in need of an executive possessing such qualities as leadership, imagination, skill in contact, power to build sales and good will, ability to make a business earn a profit—it will pay you to interview one or two or more of my clients.

Send for descriptive literature

J. B. FRASER
Executive Placement Consultant
38 TORONTO STREET TORONTO

"Let's Eat Out Tonight"

Salmon and Chopped Pickle Sandwiches
Chopped Egg and Onion Sandwiches
or Hard-cooked Eggs
Whole Tomatoes Cucumber Wedges
Watermelon or Cantaloupe
Cookies Biscuits Cheese
Coffee

"Cooked on the Spot"

Beefsteak or Fried Fish
Fried Potatoes and Onions
Brown Bread and Butter
Horseradish Sandwiches
Sweet Pickles
Fresh Fruit Gingerbread Loaf
Toasted Marshmallows
Tea or Coffee

"A Bicycle Run" (for Guides and Scouts)

Canned Spaghetti
(place tins in kettle of boiling water for heating)
Buttered Brown Rolls or Bread
Celery and Radishes
Oranges, Apples or Bananas
Doughnuts
Cold Malted Milk Drink (in vacuum bottles)

"The Comforts of Home"

Cold Fried Chicken
Potato Chips
Salad
(diced tomatoes and cucumber, shredded lettuce and green pepper, chopped onion, sliced radishes—French dressing)
Celery Stuffed with Roquefort Cream Cheese
Buttered Rolls
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Individual Fresh Cherry Tarts
Cold Milk Drink or Fruit Punch
Hot Tea or Coffee

"Mellow Moonlight Campfire."

Hamburgers and Relish Served in Flat Buttered Rolls
Dill Pickles Green Onions
Fruit Spice Cake with Mocha Icing
Hot Coffee Cold Tomato Juice

"Serve Yourself" (for picnics of twenty or more people)

Baked Ham Jellied Tongue Meat Loaf
(to be thinly sliced and used in Sandwiches)
Buttered Brown and White Bread
Mixed Sweet Pickles
Prepared Mustard Horseradish
Potato Salad with Celery, Cucumber and Chopped Egg (in paper salad cups)
Watermelon Chocolate Cake
Lemon Tarts
Cold Drinks Hot Tea or Coffee

"Let's Eat Out Again" (for twosome, foursome or the whole family and a few friends)

Hot Chicken Soup in Thermos
Stuffed Eggs
Sardine Sandwiches
Shredded Lettuce and Onion Sandwiches
Whole Wheat Wafers Spread with Cream Cheese
Fresh Peaches or Pears
Cup Cakes
Bottled Soft Drinks

What Will It Cost?

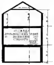
By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

A HOUSE plan selected from a magazine or plan book may appear to the prospective home builder to be everything he or she could desire. The question arises, what will it cost?

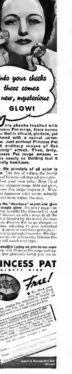
One way to find out is by the cubic-foot method. This enables home seekers who contemplate building to arrive at approximate costs with ease. The first thing is to figure out the total cubic footage contained in the house, including the cellar. The next step is to ascertain what is the average cost per cubic foot of house construction in the locality where it is intended to build. This is important because prices vary in different localities, owing to the variations in prevailing rates for labor and materials. Many plans published do not give the total cubic footage. Therefore it is helpful to know how to calculate so that an approximate cost may be arrived at. Published plans of houses often give horizontal and vertical dimensions. If the design a home builder is interested in gives this information, then it is a simple matter to arrive at a tentative cost. As an example, take the house shown.

The main section is 30 feet x 20 feet, and the height from cellar floor to a point one-half the distance from the roof cornice to the ridge is 26 feet 6 inches. These three dimensions multiplied together—30 feet x 20 feet x 26 feet 6 inches, amount to a cubic footage of 15,900 cubic feet. Add the six dormer windows, 120 cubic feet; chimneys 32 cubic feet, and garage 1,530 cubic feet; the total is 17,582 cubic feet. Calculated at an average rate of 30 cents a cubic foot, the approximate cost of the house is $5,545.

The 30-cent price unit is governed by materials used and the location. For instance, a house of wood construction, with simple finish and modest heating and plumbing equipment, could be built for 22½ cents in some localities. The general range of cost for one cubic foot of house construction throughout the Dominion runs from 20 cents to 40 cents. However, the cubic footage method applied to house plans generally will give approximate cost estimates and serve as a general guide for any prospective home builder of moderate means.



Plan of a house section showing dimensions used in estimating cost of construction. Plan and sketch by William Blackwell, Toronto.



Into cheeks touched with Princess Pat rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glorious, yet suffused with a natural underglow. Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flat "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling that it actually bewilders.

The life principle of all color is glow. The fire of rubies, the lovely tints of flowers—all depend upon glow. So does your own color. Now that Where ordinary rouge *blots out* glow, Princess Pat rouge imparts it. Wonderful luminous color seems actually to come from within the skin.

Only the "duo-tone" secret can give this magic glow. No other rouge can possibly look like Princess Pat. And why? Because no other rouge in all the world is blended by the secret duo-tone process. Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting to your individual type. A mysterious undertone gives glow—an overtone gives glorious color. Whether you are blonde or brunette, Princess Pat rouge will match your type.

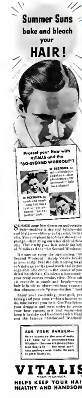
Be beautiful today as you never were before. Get Princess Pat rouge and discover how gloriously lovely you can be.

PRINCESS PAT
BEAUTY AIDS

● So that you may see on your own cheeks the remarkable beauty of Princess Pat, the duo-tone rouge, we will send you a trial compact free.

Name
Street
City and Province

In U.S.A. Princess Pat, Ltd. Chicago


Summer Suns bake and bleach your HAIR!

Protect your Hair with VITALIS and the "60-SECOND WORKOUT"!

50 SECONDS to rub—circulation quickens—flow of necessary oils increased—hair has a chance!

10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair has a lustre—no unwanted "patent leather" look.

SUMMER suns beat down on unprotected hair—making it dry and brittle—dull and lifeless—robbing it of its vital, natural oils. You complete the job by a shower or a plunge—drenching out what's left of those oils. That's why your hair needs the help of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

It's easy to enjoy the stimulating "60-Second Workout." Apply Vitalis briskly to your scalp. Feel the exhilarating tingle as Vitalis gets to its good work and its pure vegetable oils come to the rescue of your dried brittle hair. Circulation is aroused—your scalp comes awake, alive. Now take 10 seconds to comb and brush—every hair is firmly in place—without a trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Enjoy your swimming, your golf, your fishing and your tennis—but whatever you do, take care of your hair. Get Vitalis from your druggist and start today to protect your hair against sun and water—help keep it healthy and handsome with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

ASK YOUR BARBER—
As an expert on the care of scalp and hair, he is recommending Vitalis in the new single-application Sealtube—the most sanitary package ever made. Be sure to get a Sealtube.

VITALIS
MADE IN CANADA
HELPS KEEP YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

In Fewer Words

Crime Didn't Pay—In the case of a Detroit woman who was captured by kidnappers, it is said her son-in-law refused to take her back unless the kidnappers paid him a handsome ransom—and they did.—Fort William *Times-Journal*

The Dreamers—Many a clerk or secretary or civil servant, says an article, dreams of making money by novel writing. So does many a novelist.—Charlottetown *Patriot*

No Help Wanted—It's mighty funny how many people are willing to leap in and help you—the minute you've succeeded in fighting your way to the top by yourself.—*Judge*

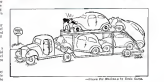
Ever See One?—You can recognize a natural born boss. He would rather hold the wheel and risk disaster than feel safe with somebody else driving.—Niagara Falls *Review*

Summer Strategy—The quickest way to bring a wife back from a trip, the Brandon *Sun* suggests, is to send her the local newspaper with one item clipped out.—Galt *Reporter*

Improving on Nature—Probably some girls would be agreeably surprised if they would forget to smear lipstick on their lips and appear in their natural charm. Not many girls are good artists when it comes to painting their lips.—Edmonton *Bulletin*

Lost—One Boom—A railroad 1,800 miles long was built in Siberia in absolute secrecy, but that's nothing. We bought a boom for ten billion dollars and can't find it.—Detroit *News*

Wit and Wisdom



—*Drawn for Maclean's by Ernie Garsa.*

The Question

I have no spots before mine eyes,
  No dingy teeth, no kidney floating.
My liver is of normal size,
  I eat with no resultant bloating.
For acidosis is to me
  An ill unknown, a sorrow lost,
And athlete's foot can never be
  My private grief, my inner frost.

So what's my radio, by and large,
But boredom and a license charge?
—J. E. Middleton.

Maybe Adam Laughed at These

Served Him Right—A young man was turned down by his fiancée because his eyesight was so bad. Thinking to convince her otherwise, he stuck a pin in a certain tree and then invited his girl to walk that way. Nearing the tree he said: "I can see a pin in that tree over there."

"Wonderful, let's go and see."

Proceeding toward the tree, he tripped up and fell over a cow lying down!—Picton *Gazette*

Colorful Wife—Smith: "I understand Brown's wife has a very colorful personality."

Jones: "Yes, she's either white with rage, black with despair, green with envy or rosy with happiness."—Galt *Reporter*

Why Wives Leave Home—A sentimental woman was married to an unromantic man. One evening she said to him with a sigh:

"Would you mourn for me if I were to die?"

"Oh, yes," he mumbled, "of course I would."

"And would you visit the cemetery often?"

"Certainly," he said with a little more animation. "I pass it on the way to the golf links, anyhow."—Galt *Reporter*

His First Case—The young lawyer retained by a farmer to bring an action against a railway company for the loss of twenty-four pigs, did his best to impress the jury with the magnitude of the case.

"Just think of it, gentlemen! Twenty-four pigs—twice the number there are in the jury box!"—Lindsay *Post*

Tough Customers—A salesman was dismissed because of a lack of courtesy to customers. A month later the sales manager spotted him walking about in a police uniform.

Sales Manager: "I see you have joined the force, Jones."

Jones: "Yes. This is the job I have been looking for all my life. On this job the customer is always wrong."—Niagara Falls *Review*

—*Drawn for Maclean's by Burget Cook.*

"Meadows! What is the meaning of this?"

SHOTS and ANGLES

By ANN ROSS

White Banners

"WHITE BANNERS," from the Lloyd Douglas best seller, is a drama of mother love with Fay Bainter skilfully playing the central role. She isn't in this case one of the glamor mothers of the screen, but a humble vendor of apple peelers who arrives one wintry morning at the home of a small-town chemistry professor (Claude Rains) and is adopted into the rather discordant family as cook and housekeeper. The professor is working on an invention involving chemical refrigeration and is assisted by one of his brighter students (Jackie Cooper), and it won't surprise anyone greatly when the boy turns out to be the new housekeeper's long lost son.

It takes a good deal of explanation to cover this situation, but it is worked out smoothly, and eventually everything comes out sunny side up.

The Rage of Paris

THIS PICTURE brings the new star Danielle Darrieux to the Hollywood screen, in a simple tale about a beautiful French model who wants to marry an American millionaire. Nicole (Danielle Darrieux) has no money, but is equipped for her life's task with a face, a figure, an intriguing accent, and an ability to pose in or out of drapes. Chaperoned by Mischa Auer and Helen Broderick, Nicole poses—fully draped—as a young French girl of ancient lineage. Unfortunately, Nicole's dream millionaire (Louis Hayward) has a friend (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) and the friend remembers her vividly as the very model who once bolted into his office by mistake and started to unbutton. He threatens to spoil her plans, but in the end takes the broadminded view and marries her himself.

It's a skittish little plot, but it is managed brightly and inoffensively here. "The Rage of Paris" is lively, fresh and pleasant to watch, and so is Danielle, who like Nicole ought to do well in America.

Kentucky Moonshine

THE Ritz Brothers seem to be proof that if you try hard enough you can be funny. By sheer terrific effort you can wear an audience down till it gives in and laughs its head off. Their comedy in "Kentucky Moonshine" is as irresistible as a stuffed club and leaves you almost as helpless. They are vaudeville artists here ambitious to get on the air. And when they get wind that a sponsor is looking for genuine hillbilly singing, they bustle off to the Blue Ridge Mountains, and are there waiting when the talent scout arrives, dressed to the teeth in false whiskers, with a complete repertoire of native folk songs straight off Broadway. Pretty Marjorie Weaver gets a chance to sing a song or two but for the most part the boys have the screen gloriously to themselves. It's high speed, high pressure comedy burlesque, wonderful for movie goers who like that sort of thing, and even for those who ordinarily don't.

Blockade

BLOCKADE, which centres about the present situation in Spain, is a picture which no one should miss. On the surface it is a good, excitingly handled spy film. But underneath the narrative it presents an eloquent and brilliantly pictorialized plea against modern warfare. The story tells of the blockading of a Spanish port and the efforts of a profiteering spy (John Halliday) to keep a food ship from reaching the harbor and the starving people of the town. Madeleine Carroll is present as one of those unfortunate heroines who are in the bad business of spying through no fault of their own, and Henry Fonda is the Spanish lieutenant who knows his beautiful blond friend is up to no good but loves her just the same. Their romance takes up a good deal of the film but doesn't obscure the central theme.

"Blockade" doesn't choose sides—at any rate openly—and it doesn't raise any political issues. But it does give a vivid and terrifying picture of what civilians may expect in modern war, also of what some civilians are going through at the present time. It isn't often that front-page news reaches the screen as dramatically as it does here.

Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville in the Warner Bros. picture "White Banners."

The Sign Post

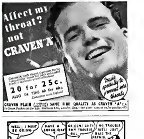
Adventures of Robin Hood.—A splendid technicolor spectacle film with Errol Flynn as the legendary Robin. For the family.

Test Pilot.—Finely handled air drama with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy all at their best. Recommended for everybody.

Holiday.—Katharine Hepburn in an excellent performance as the heiress who didn't find money any fun. With Cary Grant. Recommended.

There's Always a Woman.—Joan Blondell wonderfully active as an amateur lady sleuth. With Melvyn Douglas. Amusing entertainment.

Dr. Rhythm.—A Bing Crosby musical worth seeing because it brings Beatrice Lillie back to the screen.


Affect my throat? not CRAVEN "A"

Craven 'A' cork tipped cigarettes in the "easy-access" inner foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof cellophane.
20 for 25c.
ALSO IN TINS 50 for 60c.
Same price as in England

Made specially to prevent sore throats

CRAVEN PLAIN (Without Cork Tip) SAME FINE QUALITY AS CRAVEN 'A' in Green Packets 20 for 25c. Carreras Ltd., London, Eng.—150 years' reputation for quality.

WELL, I MUST BE GOING
HAVE A SNACK FIRST?
OH DON'T GO TO ANY TROUBLE BILL
NO TROUBLE WE'LL JUST RAID THE REFRIG.
MMM THESE BIS ARE GOOD! HOW COME THEY'RE SO FRESH?
THE WIFE WRAPS THEM IN PARA-SANI IT SURELY DOES THE TRICK
HEAVY WAXED PAPER
PARA-SANI HEAVY WAXED PAPER

"I've Built Up a Regular Business—All in My Spare Time"

"Let me tell you Tom that you don't need special experience — just lots of ambition and willingness to work—to build up a real business for yourself in your spare time. That's what I've done by acting as a local subscription representative for the Fidelity Circulation Company of Canada. Take my advice and let me explain just how they can help you to build up your earnings."

Magazines are a necessity in every modern home—you can capitalize on this by representing leading publications and taking new and renewal subscription orders. You will be under no obligation if you write us for full details.

FIDELITY CIRCULATION CO. OF CANADA
210 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Canada

SINCERE congratulations are due Mr. E. E. (Ted) Bishop, ex president of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta upon the recovery of his trousers. Well anyway a part of his trousers.

Every so often an incident is reported to *Parade* dealing with the embarrassing predicaments of unhappy gentlemen who contrive to lose their nether garments in public places but it is our considered opinion that in all these annals Mr Bishop's experience is unique. It seems that a year ago Mr Bishop and two friends were enjoying a vacation hiking along the old Rocky Mountain pack trails between Banff and Jasper. The weather was warm and tackling the long ascent of the Saskatchewan River Valley the three men removed their pants, tied them to their packs and continued the climb clad only in their underwear. At sun down it began to get chilly and not until then did Mr Bishop discover that he no longer had his trousers, a fine thing to happen to an ex-president of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta. Somewhere back along the weary trail they had fallen from the pack and were gone beyond recall. Mr Bishop borrowed overalls from a member of a fortuitously encountered road gang and went sorrowfully on his way.

Came June, 1938 and again we find our hero and his friends hiking through the Saskatchewan Valley with Mr Bishop stubbornly refusing to take off his new hiking breeches. At one point the party halted for a drink of water from the crystal clear stream. Bending over, Mr Bishop caught sight of a gleam of something white lying in the river bed and this object upon investigation proved to be a letter addressed to Mr Bishop which when last he set eyes on it, had been in the pockets of his departed trousers. Excavating feverishly, Mr Bishop dug from the stream the brown tweed remnants of his lost pants, and from the pockets salvaged a belt, another letter, a logbook with entries made up to noon on the day when disaster overtook him, a university registration card, a dentist's bill, eleven cents in cash, a key-case, a fountain pen, a soggy billfold, one three-cent stamp, two street car tickets, and two boxes of utterly useless matches.

Mr Bishop hasn't yet made up his mind but his friends are urging him to go and see what he can find in the Gobi Desert.

Our heart aches for the sorry plight of the municipal officers of Kitchener, Ont., who all have sore throats from trying to explain away a contretemps arising from the simple fact that the American Hotel at that city is undergoing alterations. Desiring to keep free from cars a certain area in front of the building, the management borrowed two "No Parking" signs and set them up at strategic locations. One is the usual simple warning. The other more explicitly reads "No Parking. Reserved for Civic Officials."

And they placed that one directly in front of the entrance to the hotel's beverage room.

◆

That splendid spirit of enterprise and resourcefulness which so well served the pioneers of Western Canada when they were confronted by apparently insurmountable difficulties, still endures, burning with a bright and deathless flame. For proof we present the example of the farm wife of Gladmar, Sask., who, unable to leave her home and lacking a telephone, was faced with an urgent necessity to get an important message to a neighbor. Observing the neighbor's cow grazing placidly near by, the quick witted woman wrote a letter, sealed it in a paper bag, tied the bag to one of the cow's horns, spanked bossy sharply on the rump and shoved the animal off in the direction of home. Cow and letter arrived safely together, thereby considerably dimming the lustrous fame of the chap, so loudly applauded by the late Elbert Hubbard, who carried the message to Garcia. After all, he had two hands, didn't he?

We like to think we're really not so awfully dumb, but the significance concealed in recent pleasant carryings-on at the Technical School of London, Ont., escapes us completely. We admit we are baffled. At the London Technical School a member of the teaching staff is Mr. A. J. Walker. Mr Walker has been a schoolteacher now for forty three years, and in all that time he has never been absent nor has he once been tardy. A notable record. The staff of the London Technical School held an annual picnic at Springbank Park not long ago and it was decided, rightly so, that the occasion was a fitting one upon which to honor Mr Walker, the man who had taught school for forty three years and never once been absent or late. Mr Walker's co-workers clubbed together and presented him with—a clock.

We don't know whether or not it was an alarm clock.

◆

If we are to believe the Edmonton *Bulletin*—and why wouldn't we?—that patronage argument at Ottawa between Mr King and Mr Bennett must have been hotter than anyone knows about. The *Bulletin* featured the catastrophe on Page One under a banner headline with a two-column drop. Thus:

KING BENNETT CLASH ROCKS HOUSE
Scores Are Hurt
Children Missing
Buildings Wrecked

◆

> The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents in George Street, which was decorated with spring flowers by the Rev. George Telford.
>
> Saint John *Telegraph-Journal*

That was real thoughtful of you, Reverend.

◆

Ultimate in drastic Western justice exemplified in a two-column display advertisement, printed in the Elrose Sask., *Review*:

NOTICE Re DOGS
All owners of dogs in Elrose must be licensed under the local by-law on or before
THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1938
otherwise they will be shot immediately thereafter. By order of the Council
G. E. Kinsman
Secretary Treasurer

I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YER!
CAFE

Shocking state of affairs in magisterial circles in Nelson, B.C., as exposed by the outspoken *News* of that community:

> McKenna on May 3 was sentenced to one month hard labor in Nelson jail by Donald McDonald, city police magistrate here, who was found guilty of stealing four turkeys from a local café.

◆

> **$250** DOWN buys light lunch. 280 Dundas East.
>
> —Classified ad. in Toronto *Daily Star*

Okay, but is the balance divided into twelve easy monthly payments?

◆

Mr D. S. Wright of Vancouver comes up with an entry in the longest journey for the shortest price controversy which started in *Parade* way back last winter. Operative Wright reports:

"When the South African War started, I was living with my people in Ireland. I joined up with the Irish Yeomanry and while at Curragh Camp in County Kildare, wrote a letter to my brother, who was then living near Auckland, New Zealand. He left Auckland about the same time that I mailed the letter, bound for Cape Town, where he joined up with Rimington's Guides. The letter of course travelled to New Zealand, where it was readdressed to him in South Africa. A year after I had written it, the two separate columns on which my brother and I were serving chanced by the fortunes of war to meet in camp at the same spot in the Orange Free State. For the first time in years we got together, and while we were talking a convoy arrived from the railway carrying mail. My sergeant-major handed me a letter with the remark, 'This must be for you, but the initials are wrong.' The letter wasn't for me. It was the one I had written my brother from Curragh Camp, Ireland, to New Zealand, to Cape Town and then into the Orange Free State. That letter made a long journey on a penny stamp."

Mr Wright adds that his brother and he served in the Great War too, his brother with the New Zealanders, himself with the C.E.F.

Next, please!

◆

And we hear of an Edmonton evangelist of mighty zeal in the cause of righteousness who recently acquired a new automobile. One of those huge, powerful 1938 models capable of almost any speed. Across the front bumpers of this impressive vehicle the preacher has strung this striking warning:

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!

The Leisure League

Invites you to be happy . . .
. . . with a Hobby!

HAVE you always wanted to do something, but never had the chance? Have you wanted to get away from your regular responsibilities and worries — to try your hand at the things that you would like to do just for the fun of it? Perhaps this announcement will help make the opportunity available to you as it has to thousands of others.

The bookkeeper wants to be a musician — the secretary to write short stories — the banker enjoys working with tools. Each craves a relief from the regular daily task. *What do YOU want?* All you have to do is answer that urge. Take up your hobby! It costs so little — and means so much!

What is the Leisure League?

The Leisure League of America is a non-profit organization, supported in part by contributions. It aims to gather and make available authentic information on hobbies—in the form of low cost, interesting books—designed to help you find an outlet for self expression and fun. The proceeds are devoted to the collection of information on other hobbies—and to the publication of new books for your further enjoyment.

Written by Experts

Each of these books is written by an expert but in language that is clear and understandable. These books are just as valuable for beginners as for those who have had experience. Whether you want to start a new hobby, or make money out of an old one—or simply have a lot of fun—these Leisure League books will show you how.

Many Illustrations

Because the Leisure League is a non-profit organization it is possible to sell these books at such an amazingly low cost. The books are uniform in size, 5½" x 8" and are designed to form an attractive set, each with a different color on the cover. They are profusely illustrated with photographs and drawings.

The Trans-Canada News Company is the Canadian representative of the Leisure League. If you cannot secure these books from your local bookseller, your order for Hobby Books will be filled promptly if you will clip the coupon below, mark on it the titles that you desire and mail to the Trans-Canada News Company with your remittance. Each book costs only 25c, postpaid to your address.

Be Happy With a Hobby!

BOOK DEALERS — If you are not now stocking this popular library, write today for attractive terms.

TRANS-CANADA NEWS COMPANY
210 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.

THE GREATEST VALUE IN PRINT *ONLY* 25¢ A BOOK

To The TRANS-CANADA NEWS CO.
210 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Date
Please send me postpaid the following Leisure League Books. Mark [illegible]
1☐ 2☐ 4☐ 5☐ 6☐ 7☐ 8☐ [illegible] 11 12
13☐ 14☐ 15☐ 16☐ 17☐ 19☐ 21☐ [illegible] 23☐ 24☐
26☐ 27☐ 28☐ [illegible] 33☐ 34☐
Enclosed find $ for books at 25c. each.
Mark your choice of Hobby Books clearly in the proper squares, the numbers of which correspond to the numbers beside the titles in the list. Mail with your remittance, as cash must accompany all orders.
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1 Care and Feeding of Hobby Horses. Ernest Elmo Calkins. Hundreds of subjects. Select the [illegible] that will most fascinate you. 104 pages.

2 You Can Write. F. Fraser Bond. Designed to help the beginner develop his technique. Covers short stories, novels, plays and articles. 118 pages.

4 How To Spend Your Husband's Leisure. Doris Webster. A clever and amusing way of discovering a person's special aptitudes. 96 pages.

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7 Photography For Fun. William M. Strong. A real fundamental handbook for the amateur. 16 full page photographs of camera study. 96 pages.

8 Quilting. Elizabeth King. A practical handbook with 18 page illustrations covering patterns, [illegible] designs, general principles. 96 pages.

9 Music For Everybody. Sigmund Spaeth. Lessons in musical appreciation. [illegible] history of musical highlights is invaluable. 84 pages.

10 A Garden In The House. Helen Van Pelt Wilson. The indoor garden from culture of bulbs to care of potted plants. Illustrated. 112 pages.

11 The Life of The Party. Menaker and Folsom. Fifty cures for a dull evening. 96 pages.

12 How to Sell What You Write. Myron M. Stearns. A seasoned author tells the things that help make money in writing. 96 pages.

13 How to Design Your Own Clothes. [illegible]. How to sketch and get ideas for designs by a New York designer. 88 pages.

14 Stamp Collecting. Henry Renouf. The world's greatest hobby. Many illustrations to the beginner and seasoned philatelist alike. 88 pages.

15 Hiker's Guide. Ben Solomon. A hobby truly for everybody. By a hiker who really hikes. Many practical sketches. 96 pages.

16 Interior Decorating. [illegible]. How to choose colour designs, home furniture and make an attractive home. Illustrations. 96 pages.

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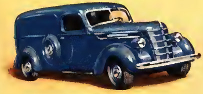

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